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THE
BILIAD,
OR,
HOW TO CRITICIZE;
A Satire,
WITH
THE DIRGE OF REPEAL,
AND OTHER JEUX D'ESPRIT.

BY T. M. HUGHES,
Author of "Revelations of Spain," "The Ocean Flower," &c.

Τὰ δὲ γραμματέως συγγράψομαι.

"I will write the tricks of the *magisterial scribe*."

Aristoph. *Thesm.*



Third Edition

CONSIDERABLY AUGMENTED.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
AND MAY BE HAD OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1846.

LONDON:
WILLIAM STEVENS, PRINTER, BELL YARD,
TEMPLE BAR.

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1846

P R E F A C E

TO THE THIRD EDITION.

THE extraordinary curiosity which this Work excited from the moment of its first appearance, and which a Second Edition could not allay, continuing still to be sustained by the piquancy of the subject on which it treats, and by the peculiarity of its mode of publication, a Third Edition has been called for within a very few weeks of its "first venturing forth upon the waters." This issue presents a considerable addition of entirely new and original matter, comprising the exposure of the anomalies of existing English society, from page 48 to page 57. Out of respect for the judicial character, I have omitted in this edition a couplet affecting a gentleman who has just been raised to the Bench. In several reviews of my first edition, the critics have hastily assumed that the *Biliad* originated in personal resentment. So far is this from being the fact, that my strictures on the *Atrabilarian* were confined entirely to its reviews of the works of individuals who to me are utter strangers, and I specified this over and over in the Introduction and

the Illustrative Remarks. It is the system alone that I attack ; the vile and abominable system of illiberal and groundless depreciation of all new authors and their works (a favoured few excepted), *upon speculation* that the abuse will be piquant and will pay. I am happy to add my belief that I have attacked the system successfully, and that some of the most eminent men in literature have assured me that my book “will do much good.”

A thousand thanks to certain good friends of the Weekly Press for proving that there are more “Bilks” than one in criticism, and giving thus involuntarily to mysatire a wider and more general application: especial thanks to the *Morning Posy*, into which “Bilk,” usurping the functions of its fashionable flunkypatrons, poured the very copious slop on Monday last which sold more than 100 copies of my book. The review was worthy of the journal, which some call the *Post* because always posterior in intelligence :

—— semper paulùm erit ultrà * *

Cùm rota *Posterior* curras, et in axe secundo.

Pers. *Sat.* v. 72.

This utensil, as is its nature and half its name, becomes the receptacle of slops of the most opposite character, for the *Posy* in September last had two columns to prove me an ingenious and accomplished poet (*vide*

Review of my "Ocean Flower"), and now in July it has two other columns to prove my effusions "the most disgusting absurdity in the shape of poetry, that *ever* crost its path"—of course, since last September.

—*Post* vehemens lupus, et sibi et hosti
Iratu pariter ! Hor. *Ep.* ii. 2.

So "Bilk" can only succeed in annoying, it cares not for the exposure of its scandalous contradictions. With true footmanlike powder-and-plush morality, the *Posy* makes mirth of my incurable sickness, gloats over colocynth and calomel, and revels in its analysis of the slop-pail. I will not here descend with it :

—Collega gradu *post* me sedet uno.—Hor. *Sat.* i. 6.
"My colleague of the *Posy* is a step or two beneath me."

True reflex of the truthful spirit of its patrons—the *Posy*, while it affects to copy my title page, with servants'-hall malignity omits all mention of my previous authorship, sinks my "Revelations of Spain" which has just elicited a flattering tribute from the *Edinburgh Review*, and presents me as an upstart wholly unknown to literature, who makes his presumptuous débüt as an overhauler of critics. Another gratuitous falsehood smelling of the scullery, is that my "Dirge

of Repeal” consists of squibs written at separate intervals during the last few years. Every line has been written during the last two months! But as the *Posy* procures for the kitchen to make out a livelihood—

—Tu argento *Post* omnia ponis!—

Hor. *Sat.* i. 1.

it must be permitted, I suppose, the tone of its patrons—a monopoly of heartlessness and falsehood—a monopoly, too, of ignorance, as witness its misquotation, “sphagitomized dolt”—showing its utter mistake of the point and meaning.

Pugnabant armis, quæ *Post* fabricaverat.

Hor. *Sat.* i. 3.

“They fought with the accustomed weapons of *Posy* fabrication.” I never before appreciated so highly the advantages of a true scurril smack and savour in criticism. The praise of the *Posy* was near sinking my “Ocean Flower”—its bi-columnar censures have cleared off the second edition of my “Biliad,” and ushered a third with *éclat* into literary life; while, as the *Posy* enlarges on my “Hibernian assurance,” my qualities as a satirist are categorized with those of my countrymen, Swift, Sheridan, and Gifford.

London, 1st August, 1846.

INTRODUCTION.

MANKIND is certainly a ridiculous race enough, without the superadded ridicule of jackpuddings assuming the Censorship, and setting themselves up as flogging Ephori, while labouring under the grossest rudimental ignorance. In the following pages, without travelling out of the four numbers for a single month, October, 1845, of which alone I took the trouble to note the blunders during the past winter in Portugal, I have detected in the editor of a London literary journal the most scandalous ignorance of the Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese languages, as well as of manners, statistics,

customs, and literature. I have likewise opened the larger question of the character of our criticism generally, and of the description of censorship which our present literature requires. In the smaller poems which follow I have impartially recorded the impressions produced on the mind of an Irishman resident abroad, removed from the sphere of faction, but keenly alive to his country's honour, concerning the Repeal movement.

When a man ensconces himself in chair or pulpit, and gives himself acroamatic airs, we sometimes inquire by what right he has taken the position he assumes, and oftener lazily submit to his dogmatism. But when he becomes disgustingly dictatorial, habitually ferocious, intolerably despotic and slaughtering for mere love of slaughter, we immediately apply for a writ of *quo warranto*? The answer here is that a certain unit hath scraped together types and set up a printing-press, and the only other title that can be set up with his types and printing-press is the naked one of sufferance.

When to this is added convicted ignorance, it becomes a needful task and paramount duty to pluck the jay of the quills with which his tail is bestuck, and show to the world what a pattern of Swift's "forked radish," what a naked and shivering straw-head mounted upon wires, is the Sir Oracle whom fools have worshipped.

The common mode in which these *Atrabilarian* critiques are written (for assumption the world has never seen their like) is to mix very slight praise with very great depreciation, where the work is of a valuable character, and, appropriating the information, proceed to re-write it and give it forth as the reviewer's own. When three or four pages are thus appropriated, and the trouble of throwing over the theft the slight veil of a change of style (retaining all the ideas) becomes too great, the reviewer condescends to snip out a dozen lines as they come from the author's brain, always taking care to append some such disparaging observation as "This is not strictly true," "The proposi-

tion thus stated is not quite correct," or some other pinch of dust for the eyes of the exoteric community. Then, having vindicated thus his pretensions to critical capacity, he proceeds with three or four pages more of wholesale robbery, until, wearied with his Gipsy-like task of disguising the features of the bantling, or compelled by the force of shame, he again is obliging enough to snip out half a dozen lines of your text, to which he appends the usual snub, without specifying the shadow of a reason. "*Non valet opinio sine momentis*," say the schoolmen; but the Seraphic Doctor himself was not so dogmatical. The edicts of this Grub-Street slaughterhouse, like Herod's, aim at massacring all the innocents that issue into literary life—but unlike Herod (*liberos proprios occidens*)—*except his cronies' and his own*. The *gobemouche* world, deceived by the lofty tone which the rogue has the cunning to assume, rush to the conclusion that, because he is so ruthlessly severe, he must be a monstrous wiseacre.

A lofty tone, quotha ! I am reminded of a saying which I heard in a Parisian *salon* during the bellicose ferment of 1840 : “ Les Anglois ont prit *le haut ton* ; eh bien, c’est à nous de prendre *le bâton* (bas ton) ! ”

It is time, indeed, that a more wholesome style of criticism should be introduced, and that the high and paramount duties of the public writer, the ordained priest of Civilization, should be better understood and practised. Forty years have elapsed since the just and noble views of an illustrious German, Fichte, were put forth upon this subject ; but as yet they have produced but little effect, and though there is much splendid and just criticism in England, the reviews which I now am noticing, with some others of their class, instead of becoming humanized with the age, and moralized with its progress, are growing in assumption and in outrage daily. The wonder is how such an odious despotism and intolerable burthen should have been borne so long, how the tortures inflicted by the paper-capt Phalaris should not

have made him ere this the victim of a worse than Agrigentine clamour. I roast him here in a few of his own brazen *bulls*.

To be mocked by Medusa, and taxed with uncleanness by a shoeblick, is not very flattering to self-love; but to be twitted with ignorance by an ignoramus, and condemned as vulgar by an unshining shoeblick, might be compared for exquisite torture to the dripping of an icy spigot upon an unshaven crown. Between the horns of that terrible dilemma—Death or Hanwell Asylum—there is but one alternative, rushing into print. Midas confided his distress to a hole in the ground: by Pan and Apollo's leave, I mean to give the wrongs of authors to the world.

I am no opponent of severity of criticism upon needful occasions. It is a part of my temperament (which has compelled the production of the present work) to take the keenest delight in the exposure of humbug. And when a very ignorant or a very dull fellow puts himself forward as a genius, I feel as

much satisfaction in seeing him plucked, as myself in plucking a sham patriot. But the Tomahawk school of criticism, with its sweeping and insulting abuse, is the reproach of England, the amazement of foreigners, and the shame of civilization. I feel assured that great severity of censure should always justify itself in detail ; that no pretension of character and “high tone,” as it is called, should be allowed to set itself up against this clear principle of equity, that no man’s damnatory assertion as to the character of an unknown work should be received without proof in the republic of letters ; that the privilege to abuse so tremendous a power as disposing of a reputation by a nod or an *ipse dixit* should never be conceded, sanctioned, or permitted ; and that no general assertion of stupidity, ignorance, puerility, or the like (the customary cant of dishonest or incapable criticism), should be tolerated unless supported by specific examples. This rule of right, in my humble way, I have always observed, and in truth it is the

only safeguard to the public against every description of spiteful malice and enormity.

I shall be told of limited space. My answer is, "Enlarge your space to the needful dimensions, or be silent altogether as to the merits of authors, whom you mean to execute without the legal formalities." The judge cannot omit his charge, and shall the critic (the Greeks had a common name for both offices) order our necks to the rope without stating a word of reason? Not in criminal cases only, but in civil, the reasons of the decision are stated clearly from the bench; and here, where there is question of what to generous minds is dearer than property or life, shall the critic, whose fourpenny journal happens to have obtained some currency, claim exemption from what Chief Justice and Chancellor regard as a sacred duty? Limited space, indeed! The highwayman's argument for plundering is analogous—his purse is limited. *You* rob me of reputation. The assassin's plea for mur-

der is not very different. He meets his victim in a narrow passage—too limited to suffer him to pass with life. *You* massacre my fame and honour.

In the abundant leisure of an invalid life, I first obtained, some time back, a glimpse of the *Atrabilarian's modus operandi*. Whole pages of the author's text are re-written into the reviewer's own language, the sentences being in many instances seized neck and heels and thrust into his own (apparent) text. With the imperturbable coolness with which *Roderick Random* shewed himself to the world in the deceased nobleman's clothes supplied by *Strap*, the *Atrabilarian* walks forth with a very learned air, tricked out with choice scraps of knowledge which he has made his own without ceremony or scruple—a trick which I find to be nearly universally characteristic of his management. Authors, however, are not always dead, like *Strap's* master; but have sometimes life enough left to claim their “six pair of cloth breeches, one of crimson, and another of black velvet.” I have heard of more than one of this irritable class,

who were not at all willing that this charlatan should walk off with their "hat, laced with gold, *point d'Espagne*." There is an amusing impudence about daring robbery which frequently converts indignation into laughter, and saves appropriators of the *Robert Macaire* school in France, and of Douglas Jerrold's *Barabbas Whitefeather* genus in England, from the ducking which is so richly their due; but the "*nunquam-ne reponam?*" is a temptation which is not always resisted, and the contemptuous medicine of *desprecio*, which Cervantes recommends, is sometimes intolerable to sensitive spirits.

This system of re-writing and appropriating an author's ideas, is also not without its traps, and into more than one of these the *Atrabilarian* has, luckily for its exposure, tumbled. My long residence in several parts of the continent has necessarily made me familiar with most of its languages, and I have thus inevitably detected such outrageous ignorance in this self-imposed censor, that, although personally having no interest whatever in making these disclosures,

they are absolutely compelled by my allegiance to truth. I may possibly too expose in due course the lingual nudities and topographic and historical blunders of some one or two trimestrial and other pretentious periodicals. I feel myself quite like a schoolmaster with rod in hand, and despotic power of selection ; and can only pity little boys if they will think a sulky silence dignified. There is such a thing as typographical errors, and with these first editions abound. In his wholesale appropriation, the *Atrabilarian*, in a recent review, actually appropriated one of the most absurd mistakes in orthography in the book—viz. “enfitensis” for “enfitensis,” the title by which the land is commonly held in several districts of Spain. Not once, but thrice over, to prove beyond a possibility of doubt that he made the mistake his own, did he copy the foolish disguised word and embody it in his rewritten text ; and glorious it was to see how the erudite expositor held forth upon the relation be-

tween landlords and tenants in Spain, and hoped they would improve the *enfitensis*!!

The charlatan oddly enough betrayed at once his ignorance of Greek and Spanish, for the Spanish word “*enfitensis*,” is taken with scarcely the change of a letter from the Greek, ἐμφύτευσις, which signifies “grafting,” and metaphorically “making a thing better than it was when it was received.” Justin speaks of an “*emphyteuticus ager*,” and Thomasius defines it thus: “*Est genus locationis, quo inculti ac deserti agri colono alicui eâ lege in perpetuum locantur, ut quamdiu præstituta merces solvatur, nunquam ad dominum revertantur.*” In fact it is precisely the species of tenant-right and beneficial interest which it would be so desirable to introduce into Ireland, and in which will probably be found a remedy for the agricultural distresses of my unhappy country. The unshaken right of occupancy without enlargement of rent (so long as the latter is paid) is so far from being the

introduction of any novelty, that the emphyteutical tenure, which was precisely this, was known to the Roman civil law, and introduced together with Roman customs into Spain. It exists in both Peninsular kingdoms at this moment, as I can personally witness; and why it should not be established in Ireland I see no better reason than there is for a continuance of the corn-law.

I might derive copious illustrations of the *Atrabilarian* system of false imputation, assumption, and shameless recklessness of assertion, from any one month of its auctoricidal career. But I prefer selecting my instances, as I do in the following poem and in the accompanying observations in prose, from the reviews of a single month and of the works of writers with whom I have no acquaintance whatever, that I may make sure of my freedom from those views of partiality and bias which I condemn. I shall thus be spared the temptation of recording the great success which a recent poetical work of mine upon the island of Madeira has achieved amongst

the inhabitants of that lovely region. The Municipal Chamber of Funchal, which voted me an address of thanks in my absence, in terms so flattering that I shall not transcribe them, the leading local journal which devoted one whole impression to notices of the book, the Island poets whose complimentary strains have not yet ceased to sound in my ears, are probably as correct judges whether their beautiful region is faithfully described as the proprietor of some pounds weight of type in Scribble-street, Strand, London. When those sparkling testimonies reached the eyes of that same proprietor of types, I doubt not that he realized the miraculous appearance, which so astonishes Plato in the first book of his Republic,—and which elicits this remark of characteristic and gentlemanly elegance :—

Τότε καὶ εἶδον ἐγὼ, πρότερον δὲ οὐπω, Θρασύμαχον ἐρυθριῶντα.

“And then I saw first what I never saw before—Thrasymachus blushing!”

This unwonted operation of blushing must have recently proved its practicability even on the faces of Irish Repealers, had they witnessed, as I have been forced to do, the contemptuous comparisons which wretched Spaniards and Portuguese have of late been accustomed to form between their own intolerance of oppression and frequent armed resistance on the one hand and the cowardly menaces and insane mouthing in Ireland against a beneficent government on the other. Talking the Kraken, and acting the sprat, is the surest warrant to be despised. It was but yesterday that I heard this humiliating subject discussed here by a party of Spanish emigrants from Galicia and of Portuguese fresh from the late successful insurrection. With what blistering mockery and scorn they ridiculed the sulphur-fizzings in the air and sabre-slashes in the water of men who declare their wrongs to be immeasurably greater than those of any other section of mankind, and yet, said the Spaniards, were “*tan cobardes para charlar y no hacer nada*,”—“such cowards as to prate and do nothing!” Alas, I

have too often of late had occasion to blush for my country, and Repealers were the cause. Hating about equally the *charlatans* (empty praters) of politics and criticism, I have a cat with a tail for each in the following pages.

If a leg of the Farnese Hercules, endued with the power of volition, were to conceive and execute a design for the dismemberment of that empire of muscle, it were a truly foolish leg. The *torso* would still be grand and noble, the leg might hobble on a few paces, and pare its own nails and corns, but soon would tumble helpless and shattered, or lie forgotten in contempt. Such would be dissevered Ireland, such is Repeal absurdity. As silly is the *Atrabilarian* practice, which in criticising poet or philosopher presents some three extracts of four lines each as specimens, with a contemptuous flourish about the injudiciousness of extending his circle of readers. The transparent absurdity of this insult to common sense reminds me of the Greek Sophist, who carried a brick in his pocket, and showed it as a specimen of

a house he wished to sell. The editor of the *Atrabilarian* too often evinces his malignity by extracting from the work reviewed every line of information of a practical character for the million, taking care to intimate that they will find all the marrow of the book in his fourpenny journal !

It is clear that the abuse of the critical function has risen to a height which can be no longer tolerated. Over and over have I heard this evil commented upon by literary men in London, with a depth of intense disgust, which was more noticeable in the play of feature than in actual expression ; since undoubtedly the dread of incurring the displeasure of an established critical organ, possessed of character, however acquired, operates powerfully upon the bulk of minds. The result of an affront, or of a conceived affront, to men who so little understand true dignity as the conductors of the journal in question, would be ostracism in their columns for life. None, therefore, like to bell the cat ; and hence the lengthened impunity which feline malice

has enjoyed. Now, I am not afraid to bell the cat either of humbug-Criticism or Repeal ; perhaps, because I am a little foolhardy by nature, perhaps because, feeling the progressive inroads of organic disease, I am more indifferent than most people to the effects of a vengeance, which views of the nothingness of life enforced by a sick chamber enable me to disregard, and to which I cannot long be subjected. I am not in the least affrighted, therefore, by your "*fervida dicta, ferox !*"

The remedy here, as in every such case, is in the hands of the public. If educated and enlightened men will patronize an intellectual abuse, it is right that they should be made to suffer in their turn, that the chalice should in time be commended to the lips of those, who have laughed at the writhings with which others have been forced to quaff it. Indeed, it is this very weakness of our common nature, which is the support of the Tomahawk school of criticism. We all have more or less of lurking malice about us, which is pleased to see authors and

authorlings plucked. But let us be juster, more wise, more humane. Literary production is on the one hand grown so multifarious, and the avocations of life, hurled along with its new railroad velocity, have become on the other so all-absorbing, that we are content to let some one or two literary journals think for us vicariously, and resign ourselves like children into their hands. They are no stainless Stagirites however, no passionless lecturers of Aca-demus, of whom we would constitute ourselves the pupils. He who was at once the disciple of Socrates, and the master of Aristotle, and whose purity obtained for him the epithet "Divine," has no type in modern literary society; and, whatever mask may be worn and lofty "tone" assumed, every mean and dirty passion is often found to flourish where most such evil spirits should be exorcised. Every man of independent mind and honourable feeling, who is once convinced of the mental or moral obliquity of his guide, will be slow for the future how he takes his opinions upon trust from such a quar-

ter ; and every fair and honest man will prefer forming his own judgment to putting his head in the pocket of any proxy in the world.

The practical remedy would seem to be the establishment of a literary journal, which will deal impartial justice, by briefly describing the contents of every new work which issues from the press, adding in every case a reasonable amount of extracts, aiming at variety and fairness of representation, and leaving the reader to form his own judgment. The space which is now taken up with needless generalized criticism and editorial declamation, may be much more advantageously devoted to a naked exposition of the writer's merits or demerits by subjecting his work in reasonable portions to the public eye. By these let him stand or fall. The *Atrabilarian* will be excused from pronouncing an opinion, which in an age like this may well be regarded as an obtrusion, where few are such lame dogs as to require to be helped over a style by this means. Both authors and readers would be better

satisfied by such an arrangement. Give the world the means of judging for itself, and depend upon it, it will not be long in coming to a correct conclusion. I throw this suggestion out for some enterprising publisher—not at all interested in the idea myself, since the state of my health renders it impossible that I could execute it—but thoroughly convinced that the time will soon arrive when the world will tolerate no other sort of critical ministration. Τοῦτο ἔργον ἀδικίᾳς, says Plato in his Republic, μῖσος ἐμποιεῖν ὅπου ἂν εἴῃ. “This is the effect of injustice—to beget hatred, wherever it exists.” My parting advice then shall be from Isocrates’ Panathenaic : Κριτὰς ἱκανοτέρους ποιεῖσθε καὶ πιστοτέρους.” “Choose critics more competent and more trustworthy.”

The imprint of this work indicates that the vindictive propensities of the parties chiefly assailed have made it utterly incompatible with prudence for any publisher to put his name to it. I could not press it upon any man to bring down upon every

future publication of his the malignant spite of a plucked Editor. I have therefore become, like Homer, my own Publisher.

Lisbon, 18 May, 1846.



A SLASHING CONTRIBUTOR.

THE BILIAD,

OR HOW TO CRITICIZE.

IN Summertime when waves the ripening corn,
And birds feloniously their beaks adorn,
Now nibbling sily at the bursting ear,
Now chirping strains to glad the sunlit year ;
With scheming groans the huge agrarian mind
To send the twittering vagrants down the wind ;
Even as, with dark and desperate intrigue,
It dines and spouts to fright the Corn Law League.

Now fuming farmers set the ready snare,
Now bang with clappers the unconscious air,
Now ransack all their tattered wardrobe through
For coats that in the reign of Anne were new,

For trousers that have fed a score of rats,
And waistcoats rickety and roofless hats ;
With Rag-fair trimmings next a broomstick rig,
And crown the horrid Scarecrow with a wig !

'Tis thus when literary grain is ripe,
Some speculator lays in loads of type,
And while with fright poor nibbling poets sink,
A broad sheet daubs with horrid printer's ink,
Cuts short their songs by murdering their fame,
And gives his farthing rag a Godlike name,
Buys off some Bilk from many a gasping creditor,
And straight sets up a Scarecrow of an Editor !

As farmers with a Guy protect their crops,
So fitly is the scribe the sport of fops ;
Both chos'n as bugbears—both to affright designed,
For neither requisite a spark of mind ;
A dire exterior trueulent and tall,
Hung *in terrorem*, all its end to appal.

Investigate the head—with straw 'tis thick,
Search for the heart—you find a lump of stick.
If bards or birds can sing with this before 'em,
Why, thieves might dance in presence of the Quorum.

The lettered Scarecrow's wardrobe would ye seek?
A scrap of Latin and a shred of Greek,
Of French a remnant, German half a skirt,
A sleeve of science, a lappel of art,
A lining of geography, a tag
Of history, of philosophy a rag;
Add monstrous airs of arrogant assumption,
A load of impudence, a grain of "gumption;"
Then take away each vestige of a heart,
That essence of the Critic's nobler part;
Give Bile enough to float the Royal George,
And cram with spite Mac Flecknoe's self to gorge,
Let tiger rage and serpent venom meet,
The literary Scarecrow's now complete!

Thersites, Zoilus in days of yore
Just typified the typographic bore.

In Grecian fields a grinning scarecrow set
Was called Phobétron—frowning black as jet ;
In Rome Terriculum ; the “ ugly mug ”
Our ancestors more homely christened “ Bugge.”
In modern Babylon, where smooth as silk
Each traitor smiles, we call the monster Bilk.

Ye bards abash'd, cheer up ; whet every beak ;
To peck this Scarecrow let 's undaunted seek—
No, not a rag we'll leave to Winter's maw,
But strip his wooden head and limbs of straw,
Sing loud Sirvénts avenging many a wrong,
And scoff the scoffer who hath scoff'd so long.
There 's no monopoly of type or talk,
And others too can ply the tomahawk !

'Tis glorious sport to see the fowler snared,
The miner “ hoisted by his own petard,”
The “ leg ” outplay'd by him he would have
pluck'd,
The lawyer roasted, and the bailiff duck'd,

The bigot caned who sighed to make a martyr,
The bully whining, who has caught a Tartar.
But, though I've seen young bulls at Seville gore
With vengeful-horn the murderous Matador,
And view'd wild horses near Coimbra's plain
Trample the rider hurl'd from off their mane,
I ne'er have seen such retribution just
As false reviewer made to bite the dust,
The spiteful analyser analysed,
The Bilk o'erhauled, the critic criticized.
Oh, mighty Byron, thou hast led the way ;
A meaner Sancho shall be toss'd to-day.

To every trade save starting a Review,
Apprenticeship 's the sacred avenue.
For authorship a little learning 's well—
At least 'twill sometimes aid you to excel.
In giving judgment we reverse the rule ;
The critic needs not e'er have gone to school.
All nectar from Pierian fountain quaff'd,
All learning 's an incumbrance to the craft !

One only element is needed—types ;
One sole accomplishment—inflicting stripes.
The judge self-squatted on this legal bench
Needs not with bulky tomes his seat intrench ;
His firm decisions from a dicebox flung
Are sure to strike with awe each faltering tongue.
No need for him of knowledge, sense, or grammar ;
A ponderous Thor poor authors' heads to hammer.
Dare not appeal, but patch your scull with lint ;
Sure, the jack-pudding's sentence is in print !

Since railway paces writers most esteem,
And literary eggs are hatch'd by steam,
Each week's production like a Leipsic fair,
And authors stumbled against every where,
The critic aims to keep the number down
By cutting throats and blasting their renown.
Thus Malthus would have check'd the population,
Thus Swift have served up babes for a collation.
Well, be it so ; but let 's be bullet-bored,
Or perish by a courtly damask sword,

Not foully slaughter'd in ignoble strife
By hangman's rope or butcher's brutal knife.

A flunky lecturing on the laws of honour,
A Turk upon the lineage of O'Connor,
A sweep enlarging upon polish'd wit,
Are all disgustingly inapposite.
But what are these to Bilk dilating cool
On tactics, who ne'er heard of Sandhurst School,—
Making e'en "sceptical, sagacious Hobbes"
Believe in broomsticks and succumb to mobs,—
Betraying in a word, that ne'er can vanish,
His ignorance alike of Greek and Spanish,—
Discussing Lusitanian *q*'s and *p*'s,
Who cannot e'en write "man" in Portuguese,—
Showing not more removed the veriest stallion,
Than he from grammar knowledge of Italian,—
And scalping in cold blood Cervantes' fame,
Yet ignorant how to write *Don Quixote's* name!*

* For detailed proofs of all this revolting ignorance, see the illustrative prose at the end.

See Bilk tremendous tomahawk a bard,
And send him feather'd from his hand and tarr'd :
In six short lines his features off he polishes,
In six insulting lines his fame demolishes : —
“ The rhyme shows desperate lack of elevation ;
“ No man was ever great by imitation.
“ 'Tis to the apprentice-poet just permitted—
“ The point of progress, could he only hit it.
“ We do not charge the youth with downright theft ;
“ But plagiary 's apparent right and left.
“ We 'll wait until the writer's mind 's matured,
“ And see if aught he pens can be endured ! ”
Thus pours i' the breast of many a Keats *his* milk,
And murders with a sniggering simper Bilk.

Oh Conscience ! name too oft invoked by knaves :
Oh Freedom ! word too oft profaned by slaves ;
Bilk, by the gods ! ev'n Bilk his conscience boasts,
And swears he 's whimpering while his victim roasts ;
Even when with venom'd spite he 's boiling o'er,
Proclaims the soundness of his bosom's core,

Free from the fumes of prejudice mephitic,
And dubs himself “a conscientious critic.”
Thus Satan once “upon my conscience!” swore,
And murder’s mere phlebotomy—no more.

Produce a poem—send it straight to Bilk—
His Cockney pin assassinates the wilk!
With Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser, Dryden, Pope,
Whiche’er your prototype, suppose it cope;
From Grub-Street’s Sultan higher sentence none
Than this need hope the Muses’ dearest son:—
“Much discipline requires this writer ere
“He can take rank as poet any where;
“And better had it served his cause, if those
“His lucubrations had been given in prose!”

Pen such a work on philosophic theme,
As Bacon, Locke, or Newton might esteem.
From Bilk no treatment hope but mere abusing:—
“The assumption of this tract is quite amusing;

“ The leading theory we can’t admit—
“ We were not previously aware of it.
“ We do not clearly understand his aim—
“ For that, no doubt, our intellect ’s to blame.
“ Perhaps the author had a meaning, though
“ We could not see it,—being somewhat slow.”
The ray of light divine had ne’er reach’d them—
A reason fit for reptiles to condemn !

Young aspirants to medical renown,
Young wearers of the law and churchly gown,
Who send to Bilk some fame-alluring tract,
’Tis thus ye ’ll find it ruthless chopp’d and hack’d :—
“ We scarce could have believed a graduate—
“ M.A. or Doctor—tenth or hundredth rate—
“ Could put his name to so much twaddling trash,
“ As in this wretched volume ’s cooked to hash.
“ Such nonsense bids us of the age despair,
“ And shakes with rage our editorial chair.
“ At first we thought some quack his hand had tried,
“ But find the rascal ’s duly qualified.”

Thus the Hyæna helps you to a practice,
And is not kick'd, since print's a prickly cactus.

Let painter, sculptor, or musician give
Some work to man which Fate foredooms to live,
Of genius, power, and beauty owned by all,
Sublime, felicitous, majestic,—
'Tis seized by Bilk, who straight the canvass cuts,
And mumbles it as monkeys mumble nuts ;
The living marble maims of half the nose,
Or roots with porcine snout amongst the toes ;
The music hashes, as if Heaven an ear
Had given to Bilk aught else but drays to hear ;
With learned air discourses of the score,
As if his paper's sale he counted o'er ;
And roving cat-like over scale and tone,
Confounds the maestro's crotchets with his own !

Expend on Tragedy the midnight oil
Of ten long years, how Bilk derides your toil !

“ Declamatory dissertation” first
 Your preface, “ bombast” next your opening burst ;
 “ Five acts, so called—or so the author means—
 “ A mere congeries of dramatic scenes !
 “ With no attempt—or none that we could spy—
 “ At unity or continuity.
 “ Heterogeneous, rambling patchwork all,
 “ Unartificial, unartistical.
 “ Our notion was, when through the whole we had
 run,
 “ ‘ All this has been already better done ;’ ”—
 That is to say, when Bilk five leaves hath cut,
 A leaf for every act, and cried : “ Hut, tut !”
 Since Criticism is Trial *without* Jury,
 And Fame a farce where Justice is a Fury.

Let some domestic circle for its curse
 Put forth a modest volume writ in verse,
 Their yearning eyes perchance this line will meet,
 “ In subject and in manner obsolete !”

For ferules, not applause, still itch his hands :
Be sure that heartlessness a monster brands !
Hoard up for years the coinage of thy brain,
Turn, stamp, and polish it again, again ;
Then trembling issue without speck or flaw,
And see it clutch'd by this rude caitiff's paw,
Rough-handled, blurred, defaced—a thousand cracks
Found in thy solid gold, as though 'twere wax ;
And, as good housewives spurn poor cotton-silk,
Nail'd to his counter for a rap by Bilk !

Or if the mighty man have largely dined,
And gastric juice is more than usual kind,
Your happier fate behold—nor rope nor knife—
But only just transported for your life !
“ The author some attention gave his theme,—
“ But then his theory 's an idle dream.”
If Bilk from biliousness has some repose,
“ The writer's plagiarisms we wont expose.”
If jaundice spares his parchment face a while,
“ The youth with study may acquire a style.”

If cholic trouble not his diaphragm,

“ This clever work absurd quotations cram.”

If with his chyle the gall be not o’ermix’d,

“ ’Twere well the humour had some purpose fix’d,”

And if the hypochondre’s free from wind,

“ At times we thought we caught a glimpse of
mind !”

But, wouldst thou know the Power that Bilk
adores?

Vituperation, Deity of w————s !

A fishfag huge, with foul and brawny fist,

Whose throne is Billingsgate, whose breath a mist,

Whose brow unblushing scaly sprats begem,

And herrings twisted for a diadem,

Whose sceptre is a codfish reckless swung,

Who wields the thunder of a shameless tongue.

Yet, slimy as the finny tribe at times

Can Bilk be when a banquet-giver rhymes,

“ Οπου γὰρ,” somewhere Epictetus says,

“ Τὸ συμφέρον ἐκεῖ τὸ εὐσεβές,”

Which means, young ladies who think Greek is dull,
“Where interest lies, there Bilk’s right worshipful!”
Gastrolatry thus makes e’en Cerberus frolic,
And *sauce piquante* subdues the picrocholic.
Profoundly skill’d he’s, too, at stealing plums
From every good book to his desk that comes:—
Re-writing all that’s new, the praise he fobs,
Yet, oh ye Gods, abuses whom he robs!

Venture on History—with glorious scorn,
He lays about—exalting his own horn!
Blazoning, as pompous as a Herald’s College,
The trick of showing off recondite knowledge.
“Your title’s too ambitious—mere audacity—
“No smattering of political sagacity—
“Inaccurate, meagre, showing no research—
“The gather’d fruits not worth a tomtit’s perch—
“A commentary slight, with air of mystery,
“On isolated points of schoolboy history—
“Authorities o’erlook’d,”—some record musty,
Unrecognised ’mid myriad parchments dusty.

While rummaging each folio from his shelf,
Bilk only thinks of puffing off himself.
You write of France—behold him prove full plain,
Poor dunce, you never said a word of Spain !

Strip from the Scarecrow the full-bottom'd wig,
And grin at the bare stick that look'd so big.
Oh, Oxenstiern, be here thy sarcasm hurl'd :—
“ How little wisdom.” sways the critic world !
Here, torn the mask from Ignorance' brow and
 brains;
Effrontery, knavish badge, alone remains.
This daring Eratostratus, who fires
Ephesian domes which most the world admires,
This judge consummate of each thorny part,
This lynx-eyed Censor of the Historian's art,
This annalist profound of Hume's own kidney,
Confounds Sir Philip with Algernon Sidney !

Gods, men, and columns ! shall a goose like this
'Gainst wisdom, fancy, learning, genius hiss ?

Shall print extend Homeromastix' scoff
To myriad eyes, with steam to throw it off?
Were Shakspeare, Newton, Milton to arise,
Who doubts that Bilk would Bilk-like criticize,
And play on mightiest minds the kennel trick :
“ Fling dirt enough, for some of it will stick ”?
Who doubts that desperation or disgust
Might even have gather'd their untimely dust,—
Still nature's truths and nature's laws untold,
Because a doom like Keats's Bilk could mould?

Infallibility ! put on thy glasses,
And weigh this apologue for critic asses,
No fiction baked like sugarplum for youth,
But sober, serious, sad, disgusting truth :—
When Payne Knight's “Taste” was issued to the
town,

A few Greek verses in the text set down
Were torn to pieces, mangled into hash,
Doom'd to the flames as execrable trash,—

In short, were butcher'd rather than dissected,
And several false quantities detected,—
Till, when the smoke had vanish'd from the cinders,
'Twas just discover'd that—*the lines were Pindar's!*

To few—how few! when first he claims regard,
Is 't given to grapple with the genuine bard;
So liable to err the judgment even
Of those to whom the finer sense is given!
Men grope through mist, or, fatuous, wander wide,
Where fancy more than reason is the guide.
Here learning oft is wit's intensest curse,
And systems only teach to be perverse;
Here rules are stumbling-blocks, and strained too
far
Is soundest principle with sense at war.
The eagle's flight what buzzard comprehends,
Or dreams how wide that soaring wing extends?
What sparrow-hawk shall span the falcon's course,
And when quick turns his pinion scoff its force?

As well the pithless bough, that bears no fruit,
May judge the vigorous sapling's lusty shoot !

So small the number who can test his worth,
When solitary genius ventures forth ;
So shockingly do praise and censure err,
So false the blazonry mankind confer,
That few can wonder the dogmatic Scot
Should think the poet's fame dispensed by lot,
And deem mere jargon all Taste's nomenclature,
Founded on no fix'd principles in Nature.
Ere critics glanced at Avon's " sorry bard,"
A laureate Skelton drew all men's regard.
The world was ne'er to see, till whirled its last,
The rubbish of Mirandola surpass'd.
A Donne, a Warner, Shakspeare's fame could
 shade,
A Daniel was Eliza's laureate made,
And Spenser must triumphant long endure
Bartas' " Creation," Hawes's " Graunde Amoure."

Shadwell and Settle soared to Dryden's price,
And Cowley darken'd Milton's Paradise.
Nay, Shakspeare's even and *his* majestic sonnets
Through sluggish ages lined trunk-hose and bonnets,
And Steevens sage—though Parliament decreed,
Declared the English nation ne'er would read ;
Nor once in all his works, for praise or blame,
Does Bacon quote from Shakspeare—breathe his name ;
While, fugled by Voltaire, the French baboon
Proclaim'd our glorious poet a buffoon !

How far have human taste and judgment err'd,
From this eternal record be inferr'd :—
Through four editions puling Flatman flew,
While Shakspeare, Milton, slowly crawl'd through two !

If Thomson's Seasons met due recompense,
All but unread was Thomson's Indolence ;
And Collins at approaching death repays
The sum advanced for his unrelish'd lays.

With whom did Johnson's Poet-Lives begin,
When profits new the cogging Trade would win?
With whom of all our minstrels hoar and holy?
With Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare? Gods, with
Cowley!

No Sidney, Raleigh, Jonson, Marlow there,
No Fletcher, Wotton, Shirley, Suckling rare;
But Stepney, Phillips, Walsh, Smith, Duke, and
Spratt,
Broome, Sheffield, Granville, Halifax, and Watt!

Let Otway's loaf and Boyse's blanket tell
Of starved and shivering genius relish'd well;
Let Chatterton with cup of poison show
How bards of matchless power are prized below.
Impassioned Savage scarce could sell a line
Till on the gallows he was doom'd to shine;
His living verse could ne'er the lustre reach
Of his anticipated dying speech!
Immortal Percy pined beneath neglect,
His glorious Reliques on the shore lay wreck'd,

While far resounding, tawdry even as tame,
Macpherson's garbage filled the trump of Fame!
The ponderous verse of Johnson, Hayley's lead,
The town devoured, while Coleridge scarce was read.
Cut short was Byron's first poetic ramble,
And Byron sneered at Wordsworth and at Campbell.
Contemporary judgment's frail as glass,
Critiques buffoonery, and Bilk an ass!

Strike lyre majestic as the Samian seer
Descried in æther, dream not Bilk will hear.
Write flashy sentiment and fustian splendid
In tawdry language, Bilk will comprehend it;
But a mere poet—no bombastic foamer—
He relishes as much as Zoïlus Homer;
A scullion-tyrant in the realm of wit,
Less fit to ply the obelus than spit!

Why lash the wretch? Why puny monster
purge?
'Tis true, the Phrygian better graced the scourge.

The game is scarcely worth the inch of candle,
Yet conquerors have deigned a babe to dandle ;
And worrying rats, although the sport is sorry,
Keeps in the mouth for hunting nobler quarry.
See where, with bristling back and spiky teeth,
He rends fair sonnets filthiest sewer beneath,
Like Progne dares our babes to pieces hew,
And bid the parent swallow the ragout ;
See where his feculent saliva comes,
Each page to maculate, from poisoned gums.
Athena shudders for her name “divinum,”
And bids the rag be called “The *Cloacinum* !”

And let Bilk's nobler brethren, too, beware
Of puffs exclusive and of arts unfair,
Nor “brilliant” dub one book that steals to
fame,
And *burke* the second with the author's name.
Consistent course ! No, this will never do ;
Accepted Ephori, be just and true !

Ye who aspire to literate renown,
And would with wit or pathos storm the town,
Be cooks or Counts, be cobblers or be Peers,
Be tailors, tapsters, tinkers, grenadiers,
Be Poles, Kamschatkans, Affghans, Caffres ; yes—
Be aught ye please, *save members of the Press !*
Thus green-eyed Jealousy, thus Envy's gall,
Need not decree your pride shall have a fall ;
Thus, if some glory light upon your pen,
Ye need not tread the kibes of other men,
Nor drive through critic breasts the maddening pike ;
“ Why, d— me, did not I perform the like ? ”—
“ Is 't Thingumy produce a noble poem ?
“ Impossible ! Why, d— me, don't I know him ? ”
Such the syncritic wrath which fills the chasm
Of generous heart with lead from typoplasm.
Nor Gods nor men shall move newspaper column
To hail newspaper bard with greeting solemn.
That Bandon's badged : “ Turk, Jew, or Atheist
“ May enter here, but not a journalist ! ”

Oh, rank Exclusivism, that stinks where'er
O'er earth's wide surface British snouts appear,
Upturn'd and poking outward to keep off
All mortals else with vulgarizing scoff;
Oh, vile Pretension, ignorant Conceit,
That swan-like floats unconscious of its feet!
Oh, consequential pettiness of Pride,
That struts while laughed at by the world beside,
Must Letters own your despicable reign,
And Genius wear while it defies your chain?
Must Cliquism wither with its cramping span
The fair pursuit that most ennobles man,
And Sets and Coteries their chilling gloom
Throw o'er the page as o'er the drawing-room?
Shall Mind's high-priests degrade themselves so low:
"None shall have merit but Myself and Co.,"
And Journalism, consigning to the shelf
Its children and compeers, *exclude itself*?
No, perish rather, Gottenberg, thy Press—
A curse to wither, not a gift to bless!

And earth become a wilderness again,
If highest culture most debases men !
The arts that civilize, exalt, refine,
Be devilish all regarded, not divine,
If to concentrate malice is their end,
And blot from life's sad page the name of Friend !

Where'er we turn through Babel's din, we meet
Refin'd dissimulation and deceit,
The courteous nod, the face that smiles on all,
The heart of marble and the breast of gall !
Each through the jostling crowd that fain would
wind,
Is tript and trampled on by those behind ;
Each toiler up the steep ascent of Fame
Is trodden down and kick'd by dogs more lame ;
Till, as the throng new myriads daily swell,
Success at last becomes impossible ;
Each crowded thoroughfare so chok'd and block'd
That all the aspirants must halt dead lock'd ;

And manger-dogs by scores content appear
With foiling your *moyens de parvenir*.
Yet grisly blanks at times, too, have supplied
A Blanchard's and a Haydon's suicide,
Neglected by the exoteric crowd,
Too late adorn'd their memory and their shroud ;
And esoteric pity, too, is late,
Prone to condole but not avert their fate.

Say, is not England hostile to her men,
Whose intellectual strength is in their pen ?
Say, if her money-getting soul hath prized
The names she should have deepest idolized,
Who late their strugglings upon earth forsook —
Southey, and Campbell, Hood, Maginn, and Hook ?
Gold-grubbers fortunate, and heirs-at-law,
Her admiration and her worship draw.
The vulgar upstart and the rich half-caste
Whose knowledge by his butler's is surpassed,
The civic booby who hath bravely dined,
Whose paunch with coin as well as capon 's lined,

The grocer gross is more than Science sought,
And *saxon* than the Savant learning-fraught ;
The chandler, whose enlightenment is told
In good round sums of bank'd and funded gold,
Is more esteem'd than Genius, by whose light
A world's illum'd, Humanity more bright.
The man of wit and fancy far outlags
The man of business and of money-bags ;
And Learning's head than Ignorance' shows less big,
So but his coachman wears a periwig !

Far-piercing Chief, whose words were proverbs
flung
With ease majestic from thy golden tongue,
Too well our microcosm thine eye could fill ;
We are of shopkeepers a nation still !

Oh, Chrysolatria, England's curse and shame —
While France pursues her rivalry of fame,
This be her glory, more profoundly wise,
Both gold and gewgaw title to despise.

Mind, mind presides o'er every circle there,
And bids the yellow dross of rank despair,
With heir-loom titles, sire-transmitted glory,
That lives not in its country's living story!
Bugeaud his Marquisate in boyhood spurns,
And now victorious from a Dukedom turns ;
More prized a riband by the wearer won,
And "honour"-stamp'd, than pass'd from sire to
son,

While England worships still the name of Lord,
And whatsoe'er is showy and absurd,
Salaams, Kotoos, regards as merit's stamp
The name of any Honourable scamp,
And, though brute Ignorance with meanness mix,
Reveres it rolling in a coach-and-six :
Teutonic weakness, despicable sin,
Inherent in our Saxon origin ;
For see pretentious swell in Rheinland now
The High-Dutch-town-clerk-and-toll-master's-*frau*,
And mark of Mistress Alderman the hey-day,
Whom some strange accident hath made "my Lady,"

While genius, taste, refinement, learning, wit,
Are snubb'd if in a one-horse-chaise they sit !

Utilitarian pickaxe of the age,
Whose monopolylogue doth hold the stage,
Say, shall Material Progress leave behind
The Moral Law, the progress of the Mind ?
Must Art and Letters veil their glorious head
To spinning-jennies, shovels, tracts, and thread ?
Shall man yield vilely up his heart and brain
To one sole object—the pursuit of gain ?
Shall Poesy, Astræa-like of yore,
Profound disgusted fly this earthly shore,
And stupid Wealth and stupider Parade
Apotheoize the dwarf—successful Trade ?
No, no, the aspirations of the soul
Ascend to higher and to holier goal.
No, grandly feeling, fancy, the Ideal
Shall vine-like shoot o'er framework of the Real.
Procrustean beds or China footcramps ne'er
Can bid the Mind their sordid fetters wear.

In mart and factory still shall Spirit glow,
Through dockyard, rail, and mine shall Genius flow,
And, panting for each ray of sun and star,
Sprout up acanthus-like o'er every bar !
The very triumphs of mechanic skill
Shall spirits with inspiring wonder fill.
The spark that instant bears from sea to sea
Trade's mandates shall of Thought the lightning
free.

The locomotive piercing mountains vast,
As each ravine and precipice is passed
With eagle-wing, shall waken Mind as well
As conquered Space with more than wizard spell.
Though many a Martyr fall and voice be dumb,
From this great struggle glorious good shall come.
Thy monads, Man, shall be re-ordered o'er,
Society dissociate no more,
An orbit yet for Genius shall be found,
The Poet's lay shall not unechoed sound.—
Mind shall be Wealth, nor bard's nor painter's toil
Shall end blood-sprinkling an ungenial soil,—

To pigmies for a show no more supplied
The guerdon for which thankless Genius sighed!

A day will come—nor far remote the hour—
When Mind shall strongly re-assert its power,
And Letters, Art, and Science, sceptre-fann'd,
Shall dwell amongst the noblest of the land!
Be thine the glory, Johnson, to foresee
And launch this justice in thy Mayoralty;
Be thine the praise the balance t' have restored,
And call'd high Genius to thy festal board.
Thus, thus, aristocrats, your *morgue* be tamed,
Concentric circles of Exclusion shamed,
And heads with curls without and nought within
Their teachers to revere be made begin.
Thus letter'd men's pursuits respect shall earn,
If mutual wisdom of respect they learn,
If writers soar above the glorious work—
A brother's babes to slaughter or to “burke;”
And Pride no longer shall its doors be shutting,
So each desist the other's throat from cutting!

This is the age of locomotion fix'd—
The age of iron and of brass commix'd ;
The age of ferreal schemes for every country,
Of Speculation, Humbug, and Effrontery ;
Of splendid promise and of shameful failing—
The accursed age of Rails and eke of Railing !
Of Brass and Iron, from whose welded din
Poor knaves are studiously extracting *Tin* !
The only reading for which man now cares
Is Railway notices and Railway shares ;
And sometimes too—astounding revolution—
Sweet tokens of impending *dissolution*.
A cast-off conscience every scruple cures ;
Take leave of shame, and all the world is your's.
No South Sea froth or El Dorado scheme
E'er match'd the dirty bubbles blown by Steam !

“The iron enters” now the critic “soul,”
And railing flourishes from pole to pole.
The poet's back, beneath remorseless whip,
Must pay for the reviewer's sins of scrip !

Your finest thoughts the murderous rogue will
ravage,

Because increasing discounts make him savage.

The poet now must conquer critic scorn,

And cold indifference rouse with Roland's horn!

Must pink a duke or knock a bishop down,

Ere blaze his name like gas along the town.

Like nightmare squatted Bilk incessant cries,

"Thou hast no speculation in those eyes;"

Because *his* speculations were a bite,

Resolved to make the poet cease to write.

The cataract of Niagára cork,

Or stop the ocean with a silver fork!

In vain thou tear'st the bard's Promethean heart;

Still he defies thee—vengeful as thou art!

In critic courts see Lord Chief Justice Spleen

Garble, pervert, distort,—do all that's mean.

Say in what robes Chief Justice Spleen is squatted?

Why ermine, sure, and plaguily 'tis spotted!

Whene'er your head through flattery soft and
clammy
Is like to turn, just ask yourself, " Who *am* I ?"
And if your aim 's ridiculous to look,
Just tempt the teeth of critics with a book !

The sorry Clazomenian, Bubalus,
Whose daub defamed the bard of Ephesus,
Provoked Hipponax in such bitter verse
The wretch's derelictions to rehearse,
That straight he hang'd himself for grief and shame :
Of Bilk and Bubal the deserts the same.
My papyromachy more meanly lies,
A verier dolt I would sphagitomize.
As for its dam " mamma " the infant squalls,
So Lisbon's Chelsea Belema he calls.
Thus *loosely* Epsom, to Hippona sacred,
He'd call a purge to scour off humours acrid !

Shades of Longinus, Aristotle, Tully,
Behold the critic sunk into the bully !

The fount of knowledge now a puddle lies,
And shallowest dabblers write and criticize.
A gynæcocracy hath seized the pen,
And coolly sets aside less parlous men.
An ounce of pica and a pound of primer
Supply of Penny Magazines the skimmer.
'Tis easier than farsightedness to squint,
And to abuse than solid judgments print.
Then straight sets up the matagrabolizer,
And deems himself than Rabelais e'en wiser !
Thus Learning's ape, with not a thumbscrew less,
Revives the ancient torture of The Press ;
And Genius trembling waits, like boys at school,
The anecdote decisions of a fool ;
Laughs at each dull mistake, but that he knows
The world is most made up of fools and foes,
And for his mental toil and struggling hard
Sees this the guerdon, sympathy, reward—
A blunderer call'd by one for blundering famous,
And charg'd with ignorance by an ignoramus !

As at the College feast of old renown,
 One flunky tript—the others all came down,
 Even so sham-critics from the decks abaft
Come down upon the assailant of “the craft;”
 And he who dares disturb their learned rest
 Soon finds his hand within a hornet’s nest.
 Let snivelling caitiffs quail and “kiss the rod,”
 Not I—for truth’s the brightest work of God!

Oh, days of empty smattering and conceit!
 Now “Kuklôps” and “Peisistratus” we meet.
 Why not, since Græculist renown ye seek, eh,
 Alexandria, Aigupt, and Aphríké,
 So much more learned than “Mehemet Pashá
 Of Alexandria, Egypt, Africa”?
 Bilk coldly tortures words and artists too,
 Condemning what he never saw or knew.
 Bear witness, Perrot, lectured for thy singing,
 Though all thy quavers from thy toe are springing!*

* The following “criticism” appeared in the *Atrahilarian* of Saturday, 25 July, 1846:—“*I Puritani*, which was given for M. Perrot’s benefit

O'er every sense of honest shame victorious,
A snarling scurra to the last censorious,
If any dog but he through all the town
Should dare to bark, how Bilk will bark him down !
And flourishing his pipe as 'twere a truncheon,
Like some drunk porter straddling on a puncheon,
Not British brains alone he assumes to sway,
But French, *pardie*, and Yankee must obey !
Even Longfellow the stolid rogue discards,
Translating specimens of Europe's bards,
Because he gives no Britons—lucid pate—
As if a Yankee English could translate !

Rail on, poor scrivener ! Ashamed I feel
To grind a moth beneath an iron heel,

on Thursday evening, enabled this rapidly rising artist still further to show the progress he has recently made. He sang the last act in his loveliest voice ; but he is too fond of attempting a *fac simile* of Rubini's high falsetto notes." Perrot never sang a note in his life ! ! ! That he is merely a dancer is known to the whole world—except the infallible ignoramus, Bilk, whose dishonest system is here admirably exposed, since he snubs and depreciates systematically what he manifestly never saw. Oh, Mega Thremma, oh, nose-led people, when wilt thou extricate thy snout ?

With ponderous battle-axe an egg-shell dinge in,
Or chase a butterfly with railway engine !

The trick of general censure, ceaseless knout,
Deceives the crowd until the trick 's found out :
“ How deuced sharp must that there writer be,
“ Who can't find nothing to commend, d'ye see ?”
The topmost geniuses in all the land
This Harlequin belabours with his wand,
Of praise to Campbell, Wordsworth, Moore, is chary—
Astounds weak heads with his *nil admirari*.
Each mystic flight with him is want of sense,
Originality 's extravagance,
And every grace unknown to vulgar art
A dotard's drivelling or a maniac's part.
Faugh, what a stench ! The trickster of that ilk
You 've but to unmask, and stop the nose at Bilk !

'Tis fit this arrogant pretence be hurl'd
Like sore-brecch'd Vulcan from the critic world ;

'Tis fit we bid e'en Justice mildly shine,
And raise to meek Urbanity a shrine,
Cast off the galling and dishonouring fetters
Of brutes and bullies in the world of letters,
Restore the reign of feeling and of heart,
Consign to gentlemen the Censor's part,
Retrieve a vestige of Augustan glories,
And make our "litteræ" "*humaniores*."



"OUR POETICAL CONTRIBUTOR ELECTRIFYING HIS CIRCLE."

THE DIRGE OF REPEAL.*

—— Strepunt

Hibern(i)â . . . turgidi !

HORAT. *Carm.* iv. 12.

“ *Repeal* ” ’s the Irish word—’tis well ;

With Britons be the word, “ *Repel* ! ”

“ *Repeal* ” ’s the shout—ah, well-a-day,

When will the shout arise, “ *Repay* ? ”

—— Pingui tentus omaso

Furius hibernas . . . conspuat Alpes.

HORAT. *Sat.* ii. 5.

See Furius sputter o’er his Irish Alps—

His paunch well fatted while the savage scalps !

* I was once smitten with the Repeal mania, and wrote some verses in its favour eight years ago, before the real character of the movement became apparent, and when I was incapable of forming a solid judgment. I was then an enlightened politician of four-and-twenty !

—Tu pisces hiberno ex æquore verris !

HORAT. *Sat.* ii. 3.

You fish up gudgeons from the Irish ocean.

How much, pray, may your net take by each motion?

Nec tu cùm obstiteris semel, instantique negâris

Parere imperio, rupi jam vincula, dicas.

Nam et luctata canis nodum arripit : attamen illi

Cùm fugit, à collo trahitur pars longa catenæ.

PERS. *Sat.* v. 157.

A mastiff may growl—

A wolf-dog may howl,

And his neck from the bonds be an instant released ;

But a bit of the chain

There still doth remain,

By which, when you please, you may tether the
beast !

“ I am glad to say that the Repeal will be left so far an open question, as not to exclude Repealers from promotion in the various professions.”—*Letter from Daniel O'Connell to T. M. Ray, 24 July, 1846.*

At length for Ireland better days are budding ;
Britannia, choke Repeal with solid pudding !

Revocat. Redeam? non si obsecret.

HORAT. *Sat.* ii. 3, 264.

“Return the money!” some are shouting.—
For G—’s sake, take it out in spouting!

Αὐτᾶρ ἐπεὶ τάρπησαν ἐδητύος ἡδὲ ποτῆτος.

HOM. *Od.* v. 201.

The word “potatoes” (potètos) here appears to be pure Greek.

How typical this line of Paddy’s fate is :

“For meat and drink they’d lashings of potatoes.”

But, ah, the Liberator liberates

His rent from Pat, though rotten his potates!

—— Infestus O(b)rion

Turbaret hibernum mare.

HORAT. *Epod.* xv.

When Irish seas are stormy, have an eye on

Vexatious, angry, turbulent O(b)rion!

—— Scalpuntur versu.

PERS. *Sat.* i. 21.

“Repeal *in extremis*”—how fit doth it seem!

Repealers were always *in utter extreme*.

—— Ruebat

Flumen ut Hibernum.

HORAT. *Sat.* i. 7.

Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis, &c.

Epist. i. 2.

The Irish river of Repeal
 Resembles Horace's a deal :—
 Upon its bank some hopeful asses
 Stand gaping till the river passes—
 Trusting their blink-eyed Sun old Dan 'll
 Have soon dried up the Irish channel.
 They wait results with due decorum :
 It flows *in sæcla sæculorum* !

——
Lady Macbeth: Art thou a man ?

Macbeth : Ay, and a bold one, &c.

“ Art thou an Irishman ? ”—Ay, and a bold one,
 That 's not ashamed to say e'en now : “ Behold one ! ”

——
 —Juvenum te *revocant* preces.

HORAT. *Carm.* iv. 1.

—Læve caput, madidique infantia nasi.

JUV. *Sat.* x. 199.

“ Young Ireland ”—young, 'tis plainly seen ;

“ Green Erin ”—ah, how deeply green !

For coxcomb boys not e'en half learn'd,
 And bad old men your pence are earn'd.
 Your heart 's too warm for thoughtful head,
 Your brain with air-drawn fancies fed.
 Keep back your coppers from the rogues—
 And buy yourself a pair of brogues !

—Tonantis annus hibernus Jovis.

HORAT. *Epod.* ii.

—Ah, demens, temeraria vota !

TIBUL. iii. 6.

“ 'Tis Repeal Year ! ” quoth thundering Paddy
 Whack ;

And Echo answers “ Year ” these five years back !

Ne, pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella, &c.

Heu, miserande puer.

VIRG. *Æn.* vi.

Now, do give up your make-believe,
 Your rattling can and cap and feather.
 Go back to school, you naughty boys,
 And fight it out together !

Nec curat O(b)rion leones.

HORAT. *Carm.* ii. 13.

—— Tristis O(b)rion cadit.

Epod. x.

The House should beware—it has caught quite a
Tartar ;

Though small as a Member, he 's great as a Martyr !

——

Ὅρσοτρίαιναν εὐρυβίαν Θεόν.

PIND. *Pyth.* ii.

“ The trident-shaking, widely-powerful God.”

Neptunus alto tundit hibernus salo.

HORAT. *Epod.* xviii.

The Irish Neptune like a porpoise rolls ;
The English Neptune calmly sways the poles.
For all the fishfag Triton, Nereid throng
The trident shall not lose its Irish prong !
Dan Neptune says that “ ere a twelvemonth pass,
The Senate shall to Ireland go to grass.”—
Ere sits a Parliament in College-green,
A shoal of whales shall there afloat be seen !

Quis hoc potest videre, quis potest pati,
 Mamurram habere quod
 Habebat uncti Britannia ?

CATUL. xxvii.

Shall some raw youth from Cork or Cavan
 Conceive that he 's the bard of Avon,
 Squeak ignorant with learned air,
 And fancy Britain's in despair ?
 'Tis thus a mouse once scratch'd beneath a wall,
 And fancied that a Pyramid would fall.

Una Vertigo.

PERS. *Sat.* v. 75.

Ye Gods ! where is the glorious Irish mind ?
 Where Swift's rich ore, and Goldsmith's gold refined ?
 Thy sparkle, Sheridan—thy splendour, Burke ?
 Dwarfed, idiotized—see, Corn-Exchange, thy work !

Venit post multas una serena dies.

TIBUL. iii. 6.

Say in what part of speech upon "The Sod"
 Our agitators shine the most ? In *quod* !

— Revocas nono post mense.

HORAT. *Sat.* i. 6.

Nine months bring forth the vile Repeal abortion ;
Will thrice nine end the vile Repeal extortion ?

'Tis peas in a bladder make geese to move on ;
This bladder is empty, the *p(ennie)s* are gone !

ON O'CONNELL'S ABANDONMENT OF REPEAL
IN 1844,
WHEN HE GAVE IN HIS ADHESION TO THORPE PORTER'S
FEDERALISM.

— Veteres *revocavit* artes.

HORAT. *Carm.* iv. 15.

Poor Ireland again Dan O'Connell deludes,
No longer affecting to court her ;
Forswears as too strong the Repeal *double ex*,
And takes to a draught of weak *Porter* !

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

“REPEAL—Revocation.”—WALKER’S *Dict.*

Dan left his cage lest juries prove
 A mockery and delusive game ;*
 Warm from the hug of Ireland’s love,
 He proved Repeal the same !

“He did not see why Repealers should not take place when offered to them.”—*Speech of John O’Connell in Silly-Agitation Hall, 27 July, 1846.*

Repeal, noisy nuisance, would, like barrel-organ,
 Be sopped to be silenced—a placable Gorgon !

HOMERIC NUTS FOR DAN TO CRACK.†

Most philocteanous of demagogues,
 And polyphloisbous tempest in the bogs !
 Hibernoloimous, brotoloigous brawler,
 Hecatonglot and arrectophonous bawler,
 Cunommatous, cradielaphous, cacossomenous,
 Poor Ireland’s ephialt, dasmologue oulomenous !

* “Lest trial by jury should become a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.”—LORD DENMAN.

† I once was an admirer of O’Connell’s, but his course during the past seven years has expunged nearly every feeling of sympathy.

Cerdaleophrus and antaganophrsynous,
 Drachmidian bellower, patriot cleemosynous,
 The services thou mayst have rendered haply
 Have been repaid thee triply and tetraply !

Quid est igitur aliud adhortari adolescentes, ut turbulenti,
 ut seditiosi, ut perniciosi cives velint esse, quàm ad reipublicæ
 pestem ? etiam *Nationibus*.

CIC. *Philippic.* i. 5.

Three tailors once in Tooley Street
 Proclaimed themselves “ The Nation : ”
 Three scribblers now in Dooley* Street
 Aspire to the same station.
 The tailors shall as soon back-stitch
 A bran-new Constitution,
 As these shall with their scribbling itch
 Achieve a Revolution !

—— Fanaticus œstro

Percussus, Bellona, tuo.

JUV. *Sat.* iv. 123.

Be sure, when spouters raise their voice for War—
 There ’s not the smallest danger of a scar !

* D’Olier Street, Dublin.

Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas.

HORAT. DE A. POET. 229.

Young Ireland boasts its paltry rag,
And deems it monstrous clever ;
Thus Niggers o'er young Flat-nose brag—
“The likes him saw—no nebber!”

— Medio tutissimus ibis.

“ A Middleman ’s the safest speculation.”
Your tenants grind till nakeder than Hindoo,
Then prate for hours about “ my injured nation,”
And leave your parish without one glass window !

Præberet spelunca domos, ignemque, Laremque,
Et *pecus et dominos* communi clauderet umbrâ.

JUV. *Sat.* vi: 3.

Young Ireland can't be quiet for the life,
But longs for yellow shirts and savage strife—
The good old times, when all were monsters hairy,
Bloodthirsty as to-day in Tipperary.

The barbarous nations used with awful eyes
 Of Greece and Rome the majesty to prize,
 And sought alliance oftener far than variance—
 The Irish are *resolved* to be Barbarians!

SILLY-AGITATION HALL.

—— Cætera redde coquo.

MARTIAL. xiii. 52.

Repeal is dead!—What sound doth pierce the gloom?
 'Tis only rats a-squeaking from its tomb.

EPITAPH.

“Ridiculum caput!”

TERENT. *Andr.* Act ii. Sc. 2.



CORN AND COERCION; OR THE FRUITS OF THE
SESSION.

Dat pro pane sonum populo, sectatur Hibernos,
Putrida dum vitæ parca alimenta patent ;
Vocibus asservavit ἀριστοκράτεια que aristas,
Ἀριστῶν plebis ne poterit quis inops.
Annum consumpsit ne quis consumere fruges
Jure queat liber : putria poma soli
Sit pro pane ciboque coercitus ipse senatus
Manducare epulis, vindice ventre, suis ;
Pro totidem verbis toties jam devoret auras,
Esurieque scelus guttur inane luat !

ON OUR SIKH CONQUEST.

ὦ ὦ μέγα σεμνὴ Νίκη !

“ Oh, great and august Victoria ! ”

EURIP. *Iph. in Taur.* 1497.

Victrix palma tibi redeat, Victoria, semper,
Anglia sic et Io, mitè, Triumphe canat ;
Lauro paciferae nectatur ramus olivæ ;
Hostes quâ vincis protege blanda manu !

THE LOCOMOTIVE AGE OF IRON.

The world by them is parcelled out in shares.*

THOMSON, *Castle of Indolence*, c. ii.

Ætas hæc ferri ; de ferro est cuique voluntas,
 Cor, caput, ausa ; viæ ferreæ ubique patent.
 Manducare queat si quis jam pabula ferri,
 Esuriens terris, Hercule, nullus erit !
 Cælicolas olim ferro invasere Gigantes,
 Pygmæi Lunam nunc fatuique petunt.
 Prospectu ex meliore pavimenta usta Gehennæ
 Propositis biviis ferrea Disque facit !

 FOREIGN SYMPATHY WITH REPEAL.

Avec un bruit de guerre un tambour est si bel,
 Et c'est aux fanfarons de *battre le Rappel* !

 ΕΙΣ ΤΗΝ ΠΟΛΚΑΝ.

Poll-pleasing Polka, polygon of hops,
 I fear me thou'rt polygynæcoclops !

* This singularly anticipative line occurs in the next stanza to the celebrated one about the "Man of God," who "had a roguish twinkle in his eye."



TRAVELLING IN THE PENINSULA.

Hem ! quòd si quiessem, nihil evenisset mali.

TERENT. *Andr.* act. iii. sc. 4.

—Hispania : Pyrenæum

Transilit : opposuit Natura.

JUVENAL. *Sat.* x. 151.

The shaking is shocking,
 And racking the rocking.
 So taunting the jaunting,
 So horrid the jolting,
 So slaving the paving,
 I 'd wish to be bolting !

Buggy posadas

Hath Heaven's anger sent us,

Almost as bad as

The rascally ventas !

Bandits gun-cocking

Not very far from us,

Trunks soon unlocking

In spite of St. Thomas.

D—d muleteros

Still ready to do us ;

Scowling rateros

With knives to run through us.

Talk here of Railways—

Send the knaves jailways !

Ere locomotion new,

Mending their frail ways.

Hell, they say, 's paved

With the best of intention ;

Roads here with nothing

Are paved I can mention !

Rapparees, tories,
And slugs through your brain,
Such are the glories
Of travelling in Spain !

Fright your soul shaking,
And pestilent quaking ;
Drum-like knee-knocking,
Through dread of ear-docking ;
Shivering, quivering,
Stand-and-delivering,
Bandits to plunder-“ bus,”
Armed each with blunderbuss,
Grumbling patrón
Like a dog o’er a bone.
Fingering your silver, he
Scowls at you ill, very ;
Pondering o’er if he
Can’t *bleed* some more of you ;
At your guide winking,
Your dollars a-jinking ;

While your cash clawing
Or changing a note,
His finger he 's drawing
Across his bull-throat !
Truth to be talking,
In country more civilized,
Land less bedevilized,
Better ev'n walking !

Paving-stones mountainous,
Ruts like dog-holes ;
Oft from a fountain as
Far as the poles !
Mail-carts all springless
As rough as this stanza,
Noah's ark wingless
They call Diligenza !
If you can't box your roun'
Beggar's staff knocks you down.
All the policemen
And guardias cívils

Strive how to fleece men,
The plundering devils !
Every Alcalde
Picaron *valde*,
Each Escribano
Spares your purse—ah, no !
Justice is bought off here,
Rhino for buffets,
Law is ne'er thought of here,
Only the *profits* !
Rapparees, tories,
And slugs through your brain ;
Such are the glories
Of travelling in Spain !



THE FACIAL DILEMMA.

DEMOCRITUS OR HERACLITUS ?

Jamne igitur laudas, quòd de sapientibus alter
 Ridebat, quoties à limine moverat unum
 Protuleratque pedem : flebat contrarius alter ?
 Mirandum est, unde ille oculis suffecerit humor. &c.

JUV. *Sat.* x. 28.

Democritus vir magnus in primis, cujus fontibus hortulos
 suos Epicurus irrigavit. CIC. *De Nat. Deor.* i. 121.

I know not which—to smile or weep—
 At human pride and folly ;
 To laugh out in derision deep,
 Or melt in melancholy !
 With Heraclitus now I grieve
 Some stroke of baseness after ;
 Then with Abdera's sage believe
 The only balm is laughter !

When slanderers wound a virgin's fame,
When bullying cowards swagger,
When Honour's eye sustains a shame,
Or Truth a poisoned dagger ;
When rogues enjoy triumphant swing—
And not upon a gallows—
From frolic Mirth a tear 'twould wring,
A heart-drop thaw from Malice !

And yet so mean are Falsehood's arts,
So vain its toilsome shuffling,
And Hypocrites so bare their hearts,
Despite of pious muffling ;
The cozeners to such schemes resorts,
To tricks so low the jobber,
That laughter-peals seem fit retorts
On scoundrel, cheat, and robber !

Let Honesty in smiles rejoice
'Gainst Villany directed ;

What spectacle has earth so choice
As Villany detected ?
The Knave, be sure, is still a fool,
Who goes a tedious journey
To cheat himself, at last, by rule—
Self-hangman—and—attorney !

But that the tear unbidden starts,
I doubt if aught that 's human
Deserve a tribute wrung from hearts,
Save pure, untainted woman.
They say that Man is partly worm,
And partly soaring eagle ;
The crawling 's true—whate'er the form
Wolf, mastiff, hound, or beagle !

Who goes not forth in masquerade ?
Who is not acting merely ?
Who hath no bubble stock-in-trade ?
Who walks the earth sincerely ?

The life of man is one great lie ;
His grave e'en falsehood reaches,
For when he lays him down to die,
His tomb to lie he teaches !

Democritus, thy laughter-note
Partook the Thracian madness ;
Near Biston's lake, where nought could float,
Still buoyant thou with gladness.
Hosts entertain both " man and horse "—
If poor—with much disdainment ;
The Clazomenian man and horse
For thee found entertainment !

'Twixt thee and Heraclitus here
Perplexed my facial muscle,
To wear at once a scowl and sneer
Through Life's long selfish bustle.
Whene'er I weep for human pride,
It shall be tears of laughter ;

Whene'er I laugh, I 'll so deride,
That tears shall trickle after !



A MODERN DEMOCRITUS.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DINNER GIVING.

“Κατὰ στόμα βιάζεσθαι.”—PLUT.

Hic bona dente

Grandia magnanimus peragit puer !

PERS. *Sat.* vi. 21.

A reason plain made Nature's brain,

With wondrous wise discretion,

The organs fix where functions mix

Of speech and mastication.

Still flattery from the selfsame ground

With the saliva comes ;

The wagging of the tongue is found

Through tickling of the gums !

The worst or best of us obeys

That small but active member ;

Then oil it well if in your praise

You'd make it loose and limber.

I've long since found the way to sound

Each heart is down the throttle ;

If man you'd win, trepan him in

A savoury bone and bottle !

If prized, in short, his good report,
With port then make him mellow ;
But try champagne, o'er hearts you'll reign
The worthiest jolly fellow.
Give ne'er a feed, your doom 's decreed—
Curmudgeon, knave, and sinner ;
But pepper gums with devilled drums—
The devil 's in a dinner !



ON AN ELDERLY LADY WITH FORTUNE, WHO
MARRIED A YOUNG GENTLEMAN WITH NONE.

—— Fis anus, et tamen
Vis formosa videri.
... refugit te, quia luridi
Dentes, te quia rugæ
Turpant et capitis nives.—HORAT. *Carm.* iv. 13.

Poor Poll with all her money no
Well-favour'd youth could bend ;
She couldn't find a lover, so
She put up with a friend.

As hourly to the glass she sped,
Her bustle still grew bigger ;
Quoth she, " Dear Richard, now we're wed,
Aint Poll a pretty figure ?"

Quoth Dick, " Your teeth they are like pearls,
Your breath as sweet as honey."
But all the time the knowing rogue
Kept eyeing Polly's money ;

“ ’Twixt seventy and seventeen,” quoth he,

“ I know the difference well.

“ The charms to me of seventy pounds

“ From seventeen bear the bell !”

Now Polly wore with velvet shawl

A fine pelisse of satin,

And strutted all through London streets,

A-talking French and Latin.

Her arms they cost two guineas each,

Her bosom cost ten pound ;

All moulded by French *farcisseuse*,

Elastic, soft and round.

Her wig cost full its weight in gold,

Of rouge she ’d half a ton ;

More wadding o’er her figure ran,

Than fills a Cockney’s gun.

A tooth she had that, when she smiled,

Denoted Paphian pleasure ;

That tooth was Cleopatra's once,
And cost a mint of treasure.

But, ah, the more of money she
Laid out upon her charms,
The more Dick like a shadow grew,
Still fleeing from her arms !



THE CORN-LAW SCHWERTLIED.

Quid meritus es ? Crucem !

TERENT. *Andr.* Act iii. Sc. 5.

Pro peccato magno paulum supplicii.

Ib. Act. iii. Sc. 5.

The might of England slumbers,
While swell her sinewy numbers ;
The millions ask for bread,
Shall “ No ” by fools be said ?

Hurrah !

A groan o’er all the Island
Ascends from plain and highland ;
Our blood shall lordlings quaff,
And echo back a laugh ?

Hurrah !

Shall breath like feeblest tabour
Arrest the arm of Labour,
The mill upon the stream,
The mighty power of Steam ?

Hurrah !

Shall gewgaw title, fashion
Pipe down the storm of passion?

A nation's voice of Fate
Shall units suffocate?

Hurrah !

How long, poor brethren younger,
Must be our portion Hunger?

Our babes have mouths like you,
And we are fathers, too.

Hurrah !

When move our banded millions,
Ye quake in your pavilions.

Take heed for hall and park ;
The dogs may bite who bark.

Hurrah !

EPIGRAMS.

Fortuna suâ tempora lege regit.

TIBUL. l. iii. *Eleg.* 3.

What part hath Fortune in dispensing fame!
See Hardinge's glory, Ellenborough's shame.

Nec semper prælia clade.

PROPERT. l. iii. *Eleg.* 9.

Unscrew your guns, your flags be furl'd;
Artillery's idle wind.
By goose-quills Kings to earth are hurl'd;—
'Tis not brute force now rules the world,
But Heaven-ascending Mind!

Uxorem grandi cum dote.

HORAT. *Sat.* i. 4.

What qualities make wedlock sweet as honey?
Youth, beauty, breeding, virtue, wit, and—money!

What qualities for single life are fit ?
 If poor—youth, beauty, breeding, virtue, wit !
 Since matrimony dower'd alone is sunny,
 'Twere just as well, for short, to call it "'money."

— *Laudis titulique cupido.*

JUVENAL. *Sat.* x. 143.

"What ! chain'd for ever to your books ?"
 Quoth Readnone, as he crost my portal ;
 More posed he at my answer looks :
 "I kill myself to be immortal !"

ON A YOUTH WHO WAS SAID TO BE DESTINED
 FOR THE GALLOWS.

— *Jam calidâ et matura juventâ,*

Inguina traduntur medicis,

JUVENAL. *Sat.* vi. 368.

Jack will not hang ; oh, say it not !
 He will not hang—but living rot !
 With flowers he wreathes the poison odious,
 Yet fatal as thy sword, Harmodius !

La traicion es aceptada, pero el traidor es aborrecido.

SPANISH PROVERB.

Be such, ever such, the apostate's reward ;
Though the treason's accepted, the traitor's abhorr'd !

Medicis quid tristibus ?

JUVENAL. *Sat.* vi. 388.

Your tongue's put forth to clear his doubt
For some black-draught-decocter.
Why don't you boldly put it out
At every living Doctor ?



THE RATIONALE OF TALE-BEARING.

“ Quem conta um conto acrescenta-lhe um ponto.”

PORTUGUESE PROVERB.

Hoc peperit misero garrula lingua malum.

TIBUL. lib. iv. 13.

He who telleth a tale,
 Adds a bit without fail ;
 The reason of this would ye seek ?
 'Tis a dutiful thing
 To give foundlings a wing,
 And to prop up the lame and the weak ?

Nec medici credas nec curatoris egere.

HORAT. *Ep.* i. 1, 102.

Hydropathy and Homœopathy,
 Long may ye flourish o'er Allopathy !
 For still, though swamp'd be he who takes to water,
 He'scapes from gallows and from drug-shop slaughter ;
 And doses infinitesimally small
 Would be still better were they none at all !

AN IRISH DUEL.

— Duello

Stultorum continet æstus.—HORAT. *Epist.* i. 2.Pacem duello miscuit. *Carm.* iii. 5.

O'Blunder's pistols with his brainpiece chimed,
 For when his fit of jealousy exploded,
 The one was loaded without being primed,
 The other one was primed without being loaded !
 When, primed at last and loaded too, the blockhead
 His trigger pull'd, he had forgot to cock it !

—Dîs

Notum, qui pueri, qualisque futura sit uxor !

JUVEN. *Sat.* x. 353.

Romantic Ned ! 'twas fit, I vow,
 That Poll's romance-quotations win you ;
 You 've had your wish, you 're wedded now,
 And find that *Poll is not Virginia !*

—ὕδωρ δ' ἀναμίσγεται ὕδει.

HES. *Theog.* 955.

Hydropathy's as old as Noah's time ;
 It cured the Earth of each disease and crime.
 It makes its patients 'neath wet blanket sit ;
 Hence Doctors *a wet blanket* throw o'er it !

Bona pars non ungues ponere curat.

HORAT. *De Arte Poet.* 297.

What? Bonaparte, thy clutches shun!

Hath England tamed thy mighty heart?

No corner on the earth but one,

Of which thou did'st not *bone a part*!

—Ne malè dispari

Incontinentes injiciat manus.—HORAT. *Carm.* i. 17.

Teach me each chiromantic antic

To make old maids and young, too, frantic,

Throw coma, trance, and catalepsy

And sleep Mesmeric o'er each gipsy.

My passes shall the young pursue;

The old ones I will leave to you!

A HYDROMANTIC PREDICTION.

— Vænit vilissima rerum

Hic aqua.

HORAT. *Sat.* i. 5.

When Hydrophobia finds specific sure,

Hvdropathy will be a certain cure.

WITH SOME BOTTLES, WHICH DR. OLIVEIRA,
President of the Municipal Chamber of Funchal, and Proprietor of some of the most delicious wines in Madeira, wished sent to him to be refilled.

—Vultis me quoque sumere
Partem Falerni?

HORAT. *Carm.* i. 27.

These flasks which by your kind desire,
Dear Doctor, from my shelf retire,
Long to regain their useful station,
And pine for active occupation.

—Tremat omento popa venter!

PERS. *Sat.* vi. 74.

—Animal propter convivia natum.

JUVENAL. *Sat.* i. 141.

Turtle and venison, champagne and pullets!
Settle each question with forc'd-meat bullets.

—Satur anseris extis.—PERS. *Sat.* vi.

Aspice quàm tumeat magno jecur anseris majus.

MARTIAL. *lib.* xiii. *Epig.* 38.

Quoth Gorge, nigh finishing a goose

As fine as ever flew :—

“ A foolish bird—too much for one,

And not enough for two !”



THE SHATTERED CABINET.—25TH JUNE, 1846.

— Ne odium.....
Minister!
 Sedulus importes, operâ vehemente,
 HORAT. *Epist.* i. 13.

Ask ye the reason why Sir Robert fell?
 He did his work too wisely and too well.

 TESTE HIBERNIA.

— Fuste coërces, . . . miserque
 Rumperis, et latras, magnorum maxime regum!
 HORAT. *Sat.* i. 3.

'Tis shelving Repeal hath laid Peel on the shelf,
 And coercing poor Erin coerces himself!

 WALPOLE'S AND PEEL'S RETIREMENT.

— Cererem in spicis intercipit.
 OVID. *Met.* viii. 292.

The first Sir Robert bargain'd for his head,
 The second baked his own and England's bread!

 TIPPERARY LOQUITUR.

Si quis ad ingentem frumenti semper acervum
 Projectus vigilet cum longo fuste, neque illinc
 Audeat esuriens . . . contingere granum.
 HORAT. *Sat.* ii. 3.

The *curfew* tolls the knell of parting Peel,
 The agrarian herd winds scampering o'er the lea,
 The surly ploughman makes the Premier feel,
 And leaves the world *to darkness and to me!*

L'ENVOY TO THE REPEALERS.

No fewer than twelve distinct nations, the Marsi, Peligni, Vestini, Marcini, Picentes, Ferentanaë, Hirpini, Pompeiani, Venusini, Apuli, Lucani, and Samnites, in the year U. C. 663, sent a joint deputation to Rome (as Livy informs us) to demand a participation in the privileges of Roman citizens, of which they alleged that by their services they had so largely increased the value. The senate told them in reply that they must renounce their pretensions and discontinue their turbulent assemblies, and the nations flew to arms. In modern times it is not the pretensions to citizenship that are renounced, but the privileges of citizenship, and the “turbulent assemblies” are held not with a view to emerge from barbarism, but return to it! Whether were the Marsians and Samnites, or are the Irish by their mode of procedure the greater Barbarians? Having spent many years of my life in various parts of the continent, I can vouch that the dignity of being a British subject to-day is

as great as was that of being a Roman citizen 2000 years ago, and that if (which Heaven forbid!) the fatal delusion of Repeal were to succeed, with its inevitable consequence, Separation, Ireland and Iceland in the estimation of continental Europe would differ only by a letter. The Irish imagine that they have a history and literature of their own to sustain an independent national character, but their bards and annals do not surpass the Icelandic scalds and sagas, and they have no modern literature worth one farthing which is not steeped in Shakspeare and his successors. I, an Irishman, say this, knowing enough of the ancient language and the ancient and modern literature to laugh at the claims of factious scribblers.

The twelve allied nations, which would no longer be Barbarians, took to the field to the number of 100,000 men, and conquered the privileges of Roman citizenship from a Roman army of equal numbers, defeating the two Roman consuls, one of whom was the first Julius Cæsar, kinsman of the greater Julius Cæsar, who was then in his boyhood ; and the result

of the war was that they had to be added to the list of Roman citizens, new rolls being made out, and the number of aliens admitted on the rolls being probably equal to that of the ancient inhabitants. But the Repealers, in love with all of Barbarism but its bravery, will neither take the field nor consent to the glorious privilege of having their names recorded on the roll of British citizens. Let me conclude by recommending to Repeal fanaticism to adopt for its fitting motto a line from Ovid's *Fasti* :—

Barbarus hic ego sum ; quia non intelligor ulli !



PAINTING A NAKED SAVAGE.

ILLUSTRATIVE REMARKS.

P. 27. “*The lettered scarecrow’s wardrobe would ye seek?*”

A scrap of Latin and a shred of Greek.”

It is doubtful whether our *Atrabilarian* hath even this sixth-form accomplishment, so timidly doth he resort to its use :

At magnum fecit, quòd verbis Græca Latinis
Miscuit. O seri studiorum !

HOR. *Sat.* i. 10.

“O stupidi in literis !” says Dacier. It is humiliating enough to think how a mountebank may leap to the top of a beer-barrel, take the poker for a sceptre, and sway the world of letters :

—— Bestius urget

Doctores Graios !

PERS. *Sat.* vi. 37.

Ibid. “*Add monstrous airs of arrogant assumption.*”

Horace has touched him off to a hair :

—— Nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducit. * *

Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri ;

Ingeniis non ille favet, plauditque sepultis,

Nostra sed impugnat ; nos nostraque lividus odit.

EPIST. ii. 1.

P. 27. “*The literary scarecrow’s now complete !*”

Ich kenne nichts aermers

Unter der sonn’ als euch !

GOETHE, *Prometheus*.

“I know nought more pitiful under the sun than you !”

P. 28. “*In Grecian fields a grinning scarecrow set
Was called Phobétron—frowning black as
jet ;*”

Ἐκτέταμαι φοβερὰν φρένα, δείματι πάλλων.

* * * ὦ πόποι, ἀνάριθμα γὰρ

φέρω πῆματα· οὔτε γὰρ

Ἐκγόνα κλυτὰς χθονὸς Αὔξεται.

SOPH. *Ædip. Tyran.* 153, 167.

“I am distracted with fearful mind—quaking with terror. Alack ! I bear unnumbered ills ; for the fruits of the blessed earth no longer ripen.”

Ibid. “*In Rome Terriculum*” —

——Rivos diducere nulla

Relligio vetuit, segeti prætere sepe,

Insidias avibus moliri, incendere vepres.

VIRG. *Georg.* i. 269.

Ibid. “*In modern Babylon, where smooth as silk
Each traitor smiles, we call the monster
Bilk.*”

This happy art is as old as the days of Aristophanes, who celebrates it with the phrase, διολισθεῖν τοὺς χρήστας, literally, “to give one’s creditors the slip.”—*Nub.* 433.

P. 28. "*Sing loud, Sirvents, avenging many a wrong.*"

Sirvente was the generic name of the objurgatory and sarcastic effusions of the Provençal poets. There is occasionally much fire and spirit in this portion of the Troubadour minstrelsy. See Raynouard's specimens, especially the "*Quan lo dons*" of Folquet de Romans, and the "*Ira-e dolor*" of the Chevalier du Temple, upon the taking of Assur by the Saracens, in 1265.



"OUR BIBLIOMANIAC."

P. 28. “ *And others too can ply the tomahawk !*”

De te sumam supplicium, ut volo.

TERENT. *Andr.* Act. iii. Sc. 5.

P. 31. “ *But what are these to Bilk dilating cool*

*On tactics, who ne’er heard of Sandhurst
School.*”

“ With the exception of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, which is designed for the artillery only, we have no scientific nursery for our officers.” (*Atrabilarian*, No. 935, Review of Mitchell’s “ Fall of Napoleon.”) In the subsequent number, a military officer takes the writer to task, astonished at the ignorant omission ; and Bilk, with characteristic coolness, brazens it out thus : “ We certainly at the moment forgot Sandhurst ; but how does this affect our argument ? ” Why, directly, and in the strongest manner. The point which Bilk was urging was that “ we have no scientific nursery for our officers.” Not cooler was the assertion of the pickpocket, when the judge remarked on the rather unfavourable circumstance of his hand being caught in the gentleman’s pocket, that it found its way there *by accident* ! Now that I am on the subject of the *Atrabilarian*’s correspondence, I must remark the gross unfairness with which it commonly declines to insert the statements of an adverse letter-writer, pretends to de-

scribe his arguments, and then knocks down the sham Frankenstein of its own creation !

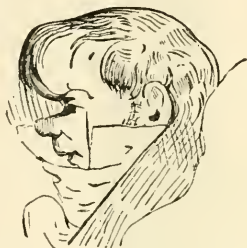


"OUR POLITICIAN."

*P. 31. " Making e'en sceptical, sagacious Hobbes
Believe in broomsticks and succumb to mobs."*

Vide No. 938, Review of " Pott's Discovery of Witches in Lancashire," and letter of an indignant Subscriber in No. 939. The *Atrabilarian* adopted the statement that Hobbes " was paralysed, and shrank from the subject of Witchcraft, as if afraid to touch

it !” though the philosopher himself says distinctly : “as for witches, I think not that their witchcraft is any real power,” and goes on to declare that they are “justly punished.”



ENORMOUS CRANIAL DEVELOPMENT OF
“OUR OWN PHILOSOPHER.”

P. 31. “*Discussing Lusitanian q’s and p’s*
Who cannot even write ‘man’ in Portuguese.”

“The *Lobishomes* (from *lobo* a wolf and *home* a man) are evidently the wolf-men—the *loups-garoux*—so famous in France, in Esthonia, and other parts of Europe.” (Review of Mr. Kingston’s “*Lusitanian Sketches.*” No. 939.) As well might the critical quack assert that they are the Kelpies of Scotland or the Ghouls of India ; so little have they of the wolf, that they happen to be compounded of man and horse !! This cockney naturalist would probably find a difficulty in distinguishing a wolf from a horse.

But really, such monstrous misinformation requires a stringent remedy. So carelessly does Bilk insult the understanding of his credulous readers, that elsewhere, in the same *critique*, he records that the *lobishome* is compounded of the horse and not the wolf. "By some strange transformation of the legend, the horse is substituted for the wolf in Portugal." Poor man, he forgot this circumstance when he flippantly set down the *lobishome* as identical with the *loup-garou*. The secret of this blunder is that, finding "wolf" common to both names, the confident impostor jumped to his ridiculous conclusion; while "*lobo*" here in the Portuguese does not mean



"OUR TRAVELLED MAN."

“wolf” at all, but “bugbear.” Equally palpable is his ignorance in writing *home* as Portuguese for “man,” the word being *homem*.

For a specimen of Bilk’s strictures on the social state of Portugal, take the following. “The money paid by the poor for the celebration of saints’ days, and other silly displays, in fire-works, wax-candles, and above all in supporting the idle—would go far towards relieving the abject poverty of the whole nation. The higher orders condemn such impositions as much as we do.” (No. 939.) This short paragraph contains no fewer than four gross blunders—a mistake for every two lines. *First*, the money is not paid by the poor, but by all classes that can afford it, by voluntary contribution. A collection is made at the doors of all the houses in the parish, the poorest excepted. A copper or two from each suffices for the purpose, and in many cases the expenses are almost entirely borne by *Irmandades*, or religious confraternities. *Secondly*, it is not expended “in supporting the idle;” every farthing goes to the purchase of tapers, fireworks, and church decorations, and the ministers of the altar are supported by the state and by fixed fees. *Thirdly*, as to “the abject poverty of the whole nation,” there is no such thing. In fact there is a good deal of wealth in the country, and very many extensive capitalists in Lisbon and

Oporto. The flagrant disproportions of English society are not witnessed here, and if, with few exceptions, there are none enormously rich, there is not, and has not been for years, one case of destitution throughout the entire country. The very opposition journals, while abusing their Government, during the late ministerial crisis in England arising out of the corn-law question, confessed that "the people here are never in want of bread." (*Revolução and Patriota*, January, 1846.) *Fourthly*, "the higher orders" are so far from "condemning such impositions," that their families willingly contribute their quotas, and no one in Portugal ever breathes a word against the practice, which constitutes in fact the sole amusement of the people. I presume that actual residence in the country constitutes me something more of a judge than Bilk, enveloped with his curtain of London smoke; and I might refer (if it were required) in testimony to my accurate knowledge of Portuguese and Madeirese customs, language, history, and literature, (as recorded in my *Ocean Flower*,) to the unqualified praise of the Lisbon *Diario* or official journal, the *Correio Portuguez*, the *Revista Universal* (the leading literary journal) and the *Imparcial* of Madeira. I am here, observe, still closely adhering to my rule of confining my observations to the *Atrabilarian's* strictures on the works of others, and

catching him in a mesh of ignorant absurdities where he hoped there would be no one to expose his pretentious dogmatism.



"OUR MAN OF SCIENCE."

*P. 31. "Showing not more removed the veriest stallion
Than he from grammar knowledge of
Italian."*

In a single number of the *Atrabilarian* (938) I find no fewer than two mistakes by Bilk in the orthography of two of the commonest words in the Italian language. *Gazzetta* he spells with a single *z* (p. 1019), and *Im-*

provvisatore with a single *v* (p. 1013). The mistakes are proved to be essentially Bilk's own, for the first of them occurs in that exclusive paddock, through which he loves to roam with fancy free, "Our Weekly Gossip," and the second in his review of a work in which the word is correctly spelled.



"OUR CONSCIENTIOUS AND DILIGENT DISCHARGE OF
THE CRITICAL FUNCTION."

P. 31. "*And scalping in cold blood Cervantes' fame,
Yet ignorant how to write Don Quixote's
name !*"

He spells it "*Quixotte*," with two *t*'s (*vide* No. 939, p. 1030). As an ordinary specimen of intolerable

assumption, which might be followed in every page, I shall extract a remark of Bilk's concerning the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes. "If Mr. Kingston were much acquainted with the literature of Spain, he would know that this famous book was never a general favourite." The assumption here is as untrue as it is insulting: Mr. Kingston is well acquainted with the literature of Spain, of which Bilk just knows the nomenclature, and such tag-ends of information as he has acquired by cutting open the leaves of sundry works, sent foolishly to be assassinated. This style of imputing grovelling ignorance to Kingston is common to all the *Atrabilarian* reviews, and is enough to make a man's blood boil. But the assertion with which he endeavours to sustain his assumption is utterly unfounded! It is true that the work was at the very commencement received with indifference, and even contempt ("con la mayor indifferencia, objeto de la burla y desprecio"—Navarrete, *Vida de Cervantes*), and that the ingenious author published his *Buscapie* (a squib running about people's feet), apparently to "blow it up," but in reality to explain the object of the satire, and excite the public curiosity. The *Buscapie*, which has since been lost, but which a writer of such character as Rui Diaz attests that he had seen and read, was most successful for its purpose, as Cervantes himself

states at the commencement of the second part of *Don Quixote* ("recebido con general aplauso de las gentes).” In the very same year in which the first part was published, 1605, there were published no fewer than four editions of the work in Spain ("a lo menos cuatro ediciones.” Navarr. *Vida de Cervantes*), and in the years immediately following there were multiplied editions of it published in France, Italy, Portugal, and Flanders. Yet "the book was never a general favourite," quoth Birk! Four editions in the first year of its publication. "Indeed it was little read," quoth Birk! Cervantes was called *agudísimo* (most acute) by his learned contemporary Faria y Sousa. "Quixote was received," says Navarrete, with universal appreciation (*aprecio universal*) The great Lope de Vega was enthusiastic in his applause ("Las publicas alabanzas con que ensalzaron reciprocamente sus obras."—Navarr.) And the fame which Cervantes had acquired by the work, caused him to be appointed by the Duke of Lerma, in the very same year of its first publication, to write a description of the splendid reception given to the English embassy, which was printed in Valladolid, and which the poet Gongora satirized by allusions to Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and his ass. Three years after the first publication, viz., in 1608, Cer-

vantes issued a fifth edition of the first part, carefully revised and corrected, and this is the edition most prized. The fame which he had achieved in Spain may be estimated from the anecdote which he himself relates, in one of the last writings which he gave to the world, of the student who, hearing his name by accident, while riding on the road from Esquivias to Madrid, dismounted from his ass, and was ready to worship the author of *Quixote*, whom he never had seen before, but whom he apostrophized enthusiastically as “the full of fame, the delightful writer, the joy of the muses” (el famoso todo, el escritor alegre, el regocijo de las musas). Also from the other well authenticated anecdote of Philip III. standing in a balcony of his palace at Madrid, and observing a student reading a book on the banks of Manzanares, laying down the book from time to time, striking his forehead violently, and exhibiting other extraordinary movements of frantic delight. “That student,” said the monarch, “is either mad or reading *Don Quixote*.” The courtiers ran to the spot, and found that the student was actually reading the work. So much for the ridiculously conceited ignorance of Bilk. “Indeed it was little read!” The fact is that the unhappy man mistakes some loose notion, which he had picked up of Cervantes’s poverty, for his not

being read or appreciated. He was poor, because the profits of publishing then were inconsiderable ; in after ages the greater literary cultivation of England, France, and Germany, caused the *Quixote* to be more appreciated there than in Spain ; but never was a writer so famous in his lifetime as Cervantes, except his countryman, Lope de Vega.



“OUR PROFOUND LINGUIST.”

The immeasurable arrogance and impudence of Bilk are well illustrated in the conclusion of the same passage. “They [the Spaniards]” he says, “never could see, and they cannot see at present,

the beauties which so much enrapture foreigners. This fact would form the subject of a curious essay." Very curious, indeed! It is curious that I have travelled through nearly the entire Peninsula, and have recorded the results of my experience in "Revelations of Spain," and have never met any Spaniard with the slightest pretension to literary information or judgment, who was not familiar and in raptures with *Don Quixote*. It is equally true that four-fifths of the people know nothing at all about the work, because they are supinely ignorant, and cannot even read. Bilk proceeds with his insufferable tone of baseless pretension: "Probably at a future opportunity we may revert to it [the non-appreciation of *Don Quixote* in Spain]. It is much too important to be discussed at the fag-end of a light notice of a light book:"—thus most gratuitously insulting Mr. Kingston, who knows more of the Peninsula than 50,000 Bilks and impostors.

The Spanish proverb says that "air

"And airs we take at will."

Bilk of the latter takes his share,

While driving Bilkish quill.

Assumption's trick, when once found out,

Exposes the deceiver

To have his "airs" expelled beneath
Exhausted cash-receiver !



"OUR REPRESENTATIVE AT A CELEBRATED
SCIENTIFIC CONGRESS."

P. 32. "See Bilk tremendous tomahawk a bard,
And send him feather'd from his hand and
tarr'd."

Corvos poëtas, et poëtridas picas !

PERS. Sat. Prolog.

P. 32. ‘ In six short lines his features off he polishes.’

A wiseacre discovered what he called a false quantity in my “Ocean Flower,” in the following line :

“ Like fair Cytherea springing from the sea.”

He inferred that I pronounced it thus : “ Like fair Cythērea.” I did no such thing. The line runs, “ Like fair Cŷthĕrĕă,” &c. This profound critic was not aware of the existence of the anapaestic variety, which sparingly and judiciously introduced, constitutes such a beauty in English poetry—a beauty latterly more generally recognised, now that we have got over the frigid correctness of Queen Anne’s poets. In Shakspeare, who knew better, the instances are very frequent. Thus, to cite only from famous passages :—in Hamlet’s first speech, he uses the anapaest no fewer than fifteen times!

“ Not so, my lord, I am too much ȳ thĕ sūn.”—

“ That can denote me truly : these ĩndĕĕd sĕĕm.”—

“ His canon ’gainst self-slaughtĕr. O Gōd ! O God.”—

“ Possess it merely. That ĩt shōŭld cōme to this !”—

“ Hype | rĭōn tō | ă sātȳr : | sŏ lōvĭng | tŏ mȳ mō | ther.”

[This line contains two anapaests, and two amphibrachs, together with the hypercatalectic syllable at the end ; in other words, it contains fifteen syllables

where it should only contain ten, yet is it strictly musical! I may remark, that it would not be at all incorrect (except that it would be a sacrifice of beauty, and worthy of a Græculist coxcomb) to pronounce the *Hyperion* classically, which would be merely transposing the anapæst and iambus thus: “Hŷpěri | ōn tō.”]

“By what it fed ōn, ānd yēt within a month—

“Let me not think on’t. Frailtŷ, thŷ nāme is woman!”

“My father’s brother, but nō mōre like my father,”—

“With such dexteritŷ tō incestūōus shēēts.”

And in Othello’s celebrated speech, when proceeding to the murder of Desdemona, he uses the anapæst five times:—

“Thou cunnġest pāttern of excellġ Nature,

“I know not where is that Promethġān hēat

“That can thy light relume. Whġn I hāve plūcked thy rose,”

[Here he uses it in three successive lines, and likewise in the next but one]

“It needs must withġr: ŷ’ll smēll it on the tree.”—

“And love thee āftġr:—ōne mōre, and this the last.”

Not to multiply instances, in the finest passages of Byron, Wordsworth, and Southey, the anapæstic movement is frequently met. Wordsworth introduces it even into the sonnet. Thomson, one of the

most elegant of English poets, has an anapæst in exactly the same place as “poor I,” in a most musical line near the commencement of his “Castle of Indolence :”

“As Idlēnēss fancied in her dreaming mood.”

Milton uses the anapæst with great power in several passages of the *Paradise Lost*; in the following line, he uses it twice :

“Some capītāl cītŷ, ōr lēss than if this frame.”

It is also frequently used by Spenser—three times in one stanza of his celebrated description of the crocodile :

“Unweeting of the perīloūs wāndērīng wāys, * *

“His mournful plight, is swallowēd ūp ūnawares.”

I do not know that it was necessary to say so much about a matter with which every poetic ear is familiar. But, as dunces can influence dunces like themselves, I may just observe that every schoolboy knows the penultimate in *Cytherea* to be long—a knowledge which he may acquire without travelling out of the first book of the *Æneid* :

“Parce metu, Cytherea : manent immota tuorum.”

Nay, in many editions it is written with a more close adherence to the Greek original—*Cytheræa* !

He will not have even to travel out of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* for the same knowledge :

“ Exigit indicii memorem Cythereïa pœnam.—iv. 190.

“ Hic sua complevit pro quo, Cytherea, laboras.”—xv. 816.

And he will find it in the fourth ode of Horace.

“ Jam Cytherea chorus ducit Venus, imminente Lunâ.”

Yet this pompous expositor, “The Christians' Monthly Magazine, and Church of England Review” for March, 1846, is so grossly ignorant as to refer to “Homer, Pindar, Sophocles, and Euripides,” for the quantity of the word “Cytherea,” which does not occur at all in any one of those authors!! The crass ignorance (Lord Brougham's phrase), which knows not where it is to be found, refers at hap-hazard to a number of Greek authors, in whose works, as it is of Greek formation, he guesses that it is of course to be met with. From beginning to end of the four authors named it does not occur. Homer, in his *Iliad*, invariably uses the name “Aphrodite,” except once in the fifth book, where the Goddess is wounded by Diomedes, and is called “Cypris” (ll. 330, 422, and 760). Throughout the whole of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* there is only one instance of the derivative “Cytherea” being used, and the form is there “Cytêrië :”—

Ἰσχανόων φιλότητος εὐστεφάνου Κυθερείης.

Odys. viii. 288.

In Pindar it does not occur at all. The name of Venus occurs I think only twice in the few remains which envious Time has left us of this magnificent poet—once in the first Olympionic, where “Cypria” is the name used, and once in the second Pythionic, where she is called “Aphrodita.” The appeal to the Greek tragedians is equally blundering and ignorant. If this person or parson, who refers us to “Euripides and Sophocles” for the quantity of the word *Cytherea*, knew any thing at all of Greek Tragedy, he would know that the female Deities, with whom its masters chiefly deal, are not of the soft nature of the Cyprian Goddess, but the Fates and Furies, Hera and Leto, Artemis and Pallas; that in the whole of Euripides’ *Iphigenia in Tauris* the name of Venus does not once occur, and that in the Choruses in the *Iphigenia in Aulis*, especially the celebrated one in the second act—

Μάκαρες, οἱ μετρίας θεοῦ,

of which love is the exclusive subject, where it does frequently occur, the name *Κυθηρεια* is not once made use of by the poet, but invariably Aphrodite and Cypri (Κύπρις) to which names he adheres in his other

productions. If this pretender knew anything of Sophocles, he would know that Venus is rarely named by that poet, and that when he does name her he calls her, like Euripides, “Cypris,” as in the Chorus in her praise in the *Trachiniæ*,

Μέγα τι σθένος ἃ Κύπρις ἐκφέρεται,

and in one of the Choruses of the *Antigone*, “Aphrodita,” and in a Chorus of the *Ædipus Coloneus* by the same name. The name of Venus occurs in no other part of Sophocles, and “Cytherea” does not occur at all either in Sophocles, Euripides, or Pindar, or in the *Iliad*, or in that form in the *Odyssey*, and yet this profound scholar refers me for the quantity to “Homer, Pindar, Sophocles, and Euripides!!” I blush to add, that I find printed on the cover of this periodical the words, in conspicuous type—

“EDITED BY

CLERGYMEN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.”

As to the Anapæstic pronunciation of the first three syllables in the word “Cytherea,” which I have adopted in my “Ocean Flower,” it is not only correct, but it is the only one which is correct. The

first syllable being short, the pronunciation is necessarily *Sith*-erea, and not *Sigh*-therea. Hence, unless the anapæst be introduced, there is a halt in the line, and a very disagreeable halt, as I will prove by printing the line according to this bad Græculist's notion, and according to my own. He would have it thus :

“ Like Cýtheréa springing from the sea.”

I wrote the line—and like it very much—as follows :

“ Like fair Cýthērēa springing from the sea.”

To me it is manifest that, quantity indispensably requiring the two first syllables to be pronounced short, the word can be only effectively introduced in an anapæst. I leave it to the candid reader whether the following line in Lord Holland's exquisite Translations from Lope de Vega does not sound lame and weak :

“ From Cýthērea's temple haste away,”

and whether it would not be strengthened by completing the anapæst with the epithet from my own line, “ fair :”

“ From fair Cýthērēa's temple haste away.”

Shakspeare's ear taught him the beauty of the anapæstic variety occasionally introduced into English

heroic verse. A close study of the Greek tragedians has in recent times made this practice systematic. Euripides introduces the anapæst into his iambs in about every third line, and Sophocles in every fifth.

P. 32 "The rhyme shows desperate lack of elevation,"
§c.

To such sweeping imputations the answer is brief—the same which Juno gives to Jupiter in the nineteenth Iliad—*Ψευστήσεις*, "Mentiris!"

Ibid. "Bilk, by the gods, ev'n Bilk his conscience
boasts,
And swears he 's whimpering while his victim
roasts."

Venias nunc precibus lautum peccatum tuum?

Hisce ego dictis ita tibi. . . dabo,

Ut ne restinguas, lachrymis si extillaveris!

TERENT. *Phorm.* Act v. sc. 8.

P. 34. "At first we thought some quack his hand had
tried,
But find the rascal 's duly qualified."

The first of a series of nine reviews, under the head of "Medical Works" in the *Atrabilarian*, No. 937, is as follows. I of course abstain from giving the

name of the work or author reviewed: "If we did not know that the examinations for medical honours in our universities, and in corporations of apothecaries, surgeons, and physicians, were miserably deficient, we could hardly have believed that a graduate in medicine, and an M.A., could have put his name to so much nonsense as is contained in this volume. We have lately heard a great deal from the medical profession, of the quackery *and* empiricism [most *distinguished* balderdash, Bilk!] of illegal practitioners; but were we to appeal to our own library table, we should find that nine-tenths of books like the present are written by men legally qualified." Neither with the gentlemen thus reviewed, nor with any of those for whom I have incidentally taken up the cudgels, entirely on public grounds, have I the slightest connexion, nor indeed have I the slightest knowledge of their persons. But I am not the less zealous in my disinterested exposure of Humbug.

A coxcomb once vow'd
 He was great as a chemist,
 Though his sight in such matters
 Was quite of the dimmest.
 He blew up the coals,
 And distill'd so, in short,

That he blew up himself—
 'Twas a fitting retort!



“OUR FRIAR BACON.”

*P. 36. “ Their yearning eyes perchance this line will
 meet :*

‘ In subject and in manner obsolete ! ’ ”

Vide Atrabilarian, No. 939.

“ ‘ Poems by a Father and a Daughter.’ Ob-
 solete both in subject and manner.’ ”

There is not another word.

P. 37. “ *Be sure that heartlessness a monster brands !*”

Ψυχὰν ἄψυχον τοῦτον ἔχοντα. “This man hath a soulless soul !”

ARISTOPH. *Ran.* 1334.

P. 38. “ *Yet, slimy as the finny tribe at times
Can Bilk be when a banquet-giver rhymes.*”

Quæ tibi summa boni est ? Unctâ vixisse patellâ.

PERS. *Sat.* iv. 17.

P. 39. “ *Re-writing all that’s new, the praise he fobs.
Yet, oh ye gods, abuses whom he robs.*”

A curious instance of this unparalleled effrontery is to be found in No. 938, review of Mr. Kingston’s “Lusitanian Sketches.” “On the legendary history of Guimaraens, especially of its far-famed Cathedral, it would be easy to adduce much that would interest the reader from the veracious chronicles of Portugal. But, as our author has passed them over, with one slight and inaccurate exception, so will we.” As I happen to know Portugal, where I have resided more than four years, and as Bilk happens never to have set his foot in it, I take leave to say that the “one slight and inaccurate exception” is about the most monstrous piece of assumption and impudence which I have ever witnessed. I need scarcely add that the insinuation is grossly untrue.

But not even in Portugal have I witnessed such intense immorality as presides over the *Atrabilarian* pen. As well might Mr. Kingston characterize as inaccurate Bilk's computation of the number of saucepans in his own house. I take leave to tell him that Mr. Kingston knows Portugal, which the *Atrabilarian* does not, as the following passage attests. "The monks that remain are *mostly* unfrocked, and some of them so metamorphosed, that it would be difficult to know them again," *vide* No. 938. The monks were secularized to a man twelve years back ! Bilk piques himself on his operative notices. It is only a few months since I saw an article of his the subject of intense ridicule on the Continent, where, in his accustomed pretentious way, affecting to know everything, he made the most absurd hotch-potch of the history of singers and dancers.



"OUR IDEAL OF CHOREGRAPHIC ART."

*P. 40. "This annalist profound, of Hume's own
kidney,
Confounds Sir Philip with Algernon Sidney!"*

Vide No. 948, 27 December, 1845. This is, I think, nearly the only instance where I extend my observations beyond the month of October. Bilk represents Sir Philip's friend and correspondent, Hubert Languet, as the friend and correspondent of Algernon. There is only a slight difference of two generations, a mistake which he once surpassed in confounding the name of the Spanish painter Zurbaran with that of Espartero's general Zurbano—a little slip of more than two centuries!



"OUR ARTIST-CRITIC."

P. 42. “ ‘*Twas just discover’d—that the lines were
Pindar’s !*”

Vide Notes to “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.”—Murray’s complete Edition, 1844.

P. 43. “ *That few can wonder the dogmatic Scot
Should think the poet’s fame dispensed by lot.*”
Adam Smith.

P. 47. “ *Nor ‘brilliant’ dub one book that steals to
fame,
“ And burke the second with the author’s
name.”*

The dirtiest part of Criticism is its spiteful inconsistency. The unknown is lauded to the skies ; the known—because he is a “brother chip”—is consigned to Tartarus :

Illa priùs cretâ, mox hæc carbone notâsti !

PERS. v. 108.

P. 57 “ *The Age of Iron and of Brass commix’d.*”

*Tertia post illas successit æenea proles,
Sævior ingeniis . . . De duro est ultima ferro.
Protinus irrumpit venæ pejoris in ævum
Omne nefas : fugère pudor, verumque, fidesque;
In quorum subiêre locum fraudesque, dolique :
Insidiæque, et vis, et amor sceleratus habendi.* *
Vivitur ex rapto : non hospes ab hospite tutus,
Non socer à genero : fratrum quoque gratia rara est.*

Filius ante diem patrios inquiri in annos.

The railway mania to a hair !

OVID. *Met.* i.

P. 58. “ *The Poet now must conquer critic scorn,
And cold Indifference rouse with Roland’s
horn !*”

Cantabant surdo ; nudabant pectora cæco.

PROPERT. l. iv. ELEG. 9.

P. 58. “ *In vain thou tear’st the Bard’s Promethean
heart,*

Still he defies thee—vengeful as thou art.”

Γῦπε δὲ μιν ἐκάτερθε παρημένῳ ἦπαρ ἔκειρον,
Δέρτρον ἔσω δύνοντες.—HOM. *Odys.* xi. 577.

“ *Vultures sitting on both sides gnawed his
(Tityos’) liver, penetrating in to the
vitals.*”

Immortale jecur.—VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 598.

Hier sitz ich, forme * *

Ein geschlecht, das mir gleich sey,

Zu leiden, zu weinen,

Zu geniessen und zu freuen sich,

Und dein nicht zu achten

Wie ich !

GOETHE, *Prometheus.*

“ Here sit I—and form a race that may be like me ;
to suffer—weep—enjoy—rejoice—and be heedless of
thee, as I !”

P. 59. “ *So Lisbon’s Chelsea ‘Belema’ he calls.*”

See the *Atrabilarian Review* of Titmarsh’s *Voyage
from Cornhill to Grand Cairo.*

P. 61. “ *Even Longfellow the stolid rogue discards,
Translating specimens of Europe’s bards.*”

For this richest of all possible treats, refer to No. 936, Review of Longfellow’s translated specimens of the Poets of Europe. “And yet, it is such an absurdity that it might have served to test for him the weakness of his principle * * Our island is blotted out of the poetical map of Europe. * * The minor is put for the major; the poetry is made for the translation, not the translation for the poetry.” Mr. Longfellow’s sole object, be it remembered, was to make his countrymen acquainted through the process of translation with the poetry of the various continental languages. Yet this mangy critic forgets, or feigns to forget, that English is not susceptible of translation to an American, even while he twice writes the word. Could the force of absurdity further go?

P. 77. “*Ἀριστᾶν plebis ne poterit quis inops.*”

“For the benefit of the country gentlemen,” I may as well explain that ἀριστᾶν means to dine.

P. 86. “*The crawling’s true—whate’er the form—
Wolf, mastiff, hound, or beagle!*”

Wundern kann es mich nicht das menschen die hunde so lieben;

Denn ein erbärmlicher schuft ist, wie der mensch, so der hund.

GOETHE (*Epigram*).

“It cannot surprise me that men should love dogs so much; since dog, like man, is a pitiful sneak.”

*P. 87. “Near Biston’s lake, where nought could
float, * **

The Clazomenian man and horse

For thee found entertainment !”

Abdera, the city of Democritus, was founded by Hercules, and augmented by a Clazomenian colony. The lake Biston in its neighbourhood was said to let nothing float on its surface. The “*Abderæ mala pascua*” were of so inflammatory a character as to make the horses which grazed on them rabid, and it was a joke of Democritus’s that the horses were as mad as the people.

*P. 101. “When Hydropobia finds specific sure,
Hydrophy will be a certain cure.”*

I trust this *persiflage* will not be mistaken for a serious condemnation of Hydropathy within proper regulation and restraint. I believe there are many diseases to which this system may be advantageously applied, though in an equally numerous class of cases it would be utterly pernicious. The Golden Mean is as applicable to this as to any other circumstance in

life, and may be safely recommended to Critics to steer them clear of slaver and scurrility.

*Accipe supremo dictum mihi forsitan oro,
Quod tibi qui mittit non habet ipse, vale.*



BILK'S FIRST PEEP AT THE BILIAD.

THE END.

William Stevens, Printer, Bell Yard, Temple Bar.



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